

# Sports Illustrated

JUNE 6, 1978 60 CENTS

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## Next week

THE U.S. OPEN moves to dog-leg country in Minnesota and a site that will cause some barking. Jack Nicklaus analyzes the troublesome course. Dan Jenkins wins some fictional boss.

TWO RACING CLASSICS on two continents in one busy week—the Epsom Derby and the Belmont Stakes—are covered by Whitney Tower and Photographer Jerry Cooke.

COLLECTING SEASHHELLS on a beach is a fine summertime idyll, but it is more dubbing when compared to the efforts and adventures of serious shellers who hunt their game live.



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# SHOPWALK

This angler will sell you tackle by mail, and teach you to use it on his own stream.

By trade, Dermot Wilson was an ad-man, but all during the English trout season, while seated behind his desk at J. Walter Thompson's London office, he yearned to be out beside one of the classic Hampshire chalk streams. Two years ago, at the age of 44, he left his job, bought a 15th-century millhouse straddling Wallop Brook, a tributary of the Test, and began building a maze of interlocking business enterprises all based on fly fishing.

Today, at Nether Wallop Mill, Stockbridge, Hampshire, he runs a unique mail-order tackle service that lets you try rods, reels and lines—and send them back if you don't like the feel of them. He's written a 20,000-word booklet called *The Freshwater Tackle*, that sets out in detail the basic principles of choosing a fly rod, reel and line. Moreover, he and his partner, Lord Leslie, give fly-fishing lessons on their well-stocked stream at \$7.50 an hour. For entertainment,

the two anglers have set up on the ground floor of the mill a series of fish tanks fed by a pipe direct from the chalk stream, so that the insect larvae arrive and hatch as they would in nature and the trout can be observed rising to them. "We get some very good hatches of Blue-winged Olives in this very building," Wilson says.

But, most important of all to the touring fisherman, Wilson is able to provide a piscatorial treat not available anywhere else in this sacred area—actual fishing, by the day, on historic waters. (Most landowners lease their fishing by the season.) His price (\$70 to \$100 a day) includes all necessary equipment, and covers hotel accommodation in nearby Stockbridge or Winchester, breakfast, fishing lunch and the services of a dry-fly expert to advise and help.

By arrangement with local landowners, Wilson has available a first-class stretch of the Test, the water that Frederic Halford, the father of the dry-fly mystique, fished while he evolved his theories of exact imitation of floating insects. The riverbanks are scythed clear of tressome weeds; waterside wooden seats allow the angler to spend hours brooding over a problem fish, deciding whether the right fly would

be an Iron Blue Dun or a Sherry Spinner.

"On a typical visit," says Wilson, "you arrive the afternoon before and get fitted out. After dining at your hotel, you come and fish the evening rise on our tributary. In the morning you are accompanied by a retired colonel called Phil Pardoe, who's an expert on these chalk streams. After the mid-day rise, while things are dull in the heat of the afternoon, you can laze on the riverbank, see the sights in Winchester or Salisbury, or come back and watch the life in the fish-tanks and get a close look at the insects you are trying to imitate."

"Then, that brings you round to dinner, and the evening rise. In the event of total failure, you could of course have a go in the pond at the back of the mill, where I have a number of four-year-old rainbows."

Part of the Mill overlooks this pond, and when entertaining guests there the Wilsons are usually armed with a slingshot, a few feed pellets projected into the water bring huge fish boiling to the surface in a most satisfactory way. Sadly, this is about the closest contact the ex-adman has with trout nowadays: "I'm so busy I don't have much time to fish," he says.

—J. A. MAKIN, GRAHAM

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## 1970 TRANS-AM CALENDAR

- |                                  |                                  |                                 |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| APRIL                            | 19, TRANS-AM—Laguna Seca, Calif. | 19, TRANS-AM—Elkhart Lake, Wis. |
| MAY                              | 9, TRANS-AM—Lime Rock, Conn.     | AUGUST                          |
| 31, TRANS-AM—Loudon, N.H.        | 2, TRANS-AM—St. Jovite, Canada   | 16, TRANS-AM—Watkins Glen, N.Y. |
| JUNE                             | 7, TRANS-AM—Lexington, Ohio      | SEPTEMBER                       |
| 21, TRANS-AM—Bridgehampton, N.Y. | 20, TRANS-AM—Sonoma, Calif.      | OCTOBER                         |
| JULY                             | 4, TRANS-AM—Riverside, Calif.    | 11, TRANS-AM—Kent, Wash.        |
| 5, TRANS-AM—Brainerd, Minn.      |                                  |                                 |

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

## UPSWING

Worried about the economy? Sit back and relax until World Series time. Then the economy is due to take a big upswing and business will have a banner year. That is the word from Elrick and Lavidge, Inc., a Chicago market-research firm retained by the National Sporting Goods Association. According to Elrick and Lavidge, both the general economy and retail sales of sporting goods will soar to record heights by the end of 1970. Specifically, sporting goods sales should hit \$4.5 billion, up 10% over 1969. Hockey equipment, up 21.4%, is expected to lead the way, followed by winter sports equipment (sleds, skis, etc.) 19.5%; fishing equipment 12%; and golf supplies 11.6%.

The economist who does all the figuring for Elrick and Lavidge is Professor Irving Schweiger of the Graduate School of Business at the University of Chicago and editor of the *Journal of Business*. Looking beyond sporting goods alone, the professor predicts the 1970 Gross National Product will total about \$985 billion, a 5.7% increase over 1969, with much of the jump coming in the last quarter of the year. When it comes to forecasting the economy, sporting or otherwise, the professor bats with the best. He predicted the 1969 GNP would be \$933 billion; it turned out to be \$932.1 billion.

## DOWN UNDER

The Great Barrier Reef of Australia, a 1,250-mile-long chain of coral, has long been acclaimed as one of the biological wonders of the world. Now it is the subject of Australia's No. 1 national controversy. The government of the state of Queensland, where a boomer mentality holds sway, wants to allow oil companies to drill on the reef. Leading the clamorous opposition are a number of conservation organizations and the federal government, headed by Prime Minister John Gorton. They do not want the reef to become Australia's version

of the Santa Barbara Channel, and the fighting back and forth has been so heavy that early last month Gorton almost fell from office over a bill that would have wrested control of offshore mineral development from the individual Australian states.

Conservationists have succeeded in forcing the appointment of a royal commission to examine the entire reef controversy, but now, according to the *Brisbane Courier-Mail*, the commission's inquiries "are so worded as to infer that the governments want the reef drilled and are asking the commissioners to say just where and how."

No, does the argument stop there. The powerful Queensland Trades and Labor Council has reaffirmed its total opposition to any oil drilling on or near the reef, in spite of the jobs that might become available. The probable consequence is that no union man would even think of lending the oil companies a hand with a screwdriver, much less a drill, regardless of what the royal commission finds.

## QUARTERBACK SNEAK

The Pittsburgh Steelers are not admitting it, but they apparently have found a way of keeping Terry Bradshaw, their prize rookie quarterback, out of two All-Star Games. Bradshaw underwent surgery last week for removal of a calcium deposit on his right thigh, and he will be sidelined for six to eight weeks. Recuperation will keep him from playing in the Coaches All-America Game June 27, and he may well miss the College All-Star Game July 31. Bradshaw came down with the ailment last January, but by scheduling the operation for last week, the Steelers will be able to keep Bradshaw in training camp learning plays.

## TOOTHY GRIN

Sven (Tumba) Johansson is a Swedish sports hero who played hockey for his country in four Olympics and who was good enough to be given a tryout with

the Boston Bruins in 1958. Tumba—he recently had his surname changed legally from Johansson to Tumba—is in the U.S. to help promote a pro golf tournament in Sweden next October. When he was visiting the Colonial Invitational in Fort Worth he talked about his tryout with the Bruins. "I don't think they liked me because of a joke I played on them," he said. "Before practice all the players would remove their false teeth and put them in glasses marked with numbers. This one day I thought I'd have some fun, so when they all were out on the ice I switched the teeth around. I was careful about it—if someone had four teeth in his plate, I'd switch it with someone else who had four teeth. After the workout they came in and went to the tooth glasses and tried to put their teeth back in. None of the plates fit, of course, and I sat in a corner and laughed like crazy. I was just trying to be funny, but I hadn't realized that this was a serious thing with the players. They were mad as hell. They looked around and saw me laughing, and that's when I realized it was no joke to



them. A few days later I was on my way back to Sweden."

## A COLOMBIA GEN

The British election campaign began last week, but seemingly most Englishmen could not have cared less. Harold Wilson and Ted Heath went unnoticed as the nation awaited the fate of Bobby Moore, captain of England's World Cup soccer team. The English team had been uneventfully touring South America pre-

continued

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#### SCORECARD *continued*

paring for the World Cup matches in Mexico City but when the team plane set down in Bogotá, Colombia, police were there to arrest Moore. The charge—that on a previous visit he had shoplifted a \$1,400 emerald bracelet from a hotel jewelry store. The accusation was brought by a salesgirl, Clara Padilla, who told the *London Daily Express*, "Mr. Bobby Moore came in. He stand by the case where the bracelet was. While he was standing there two of the team, whose names I don't know, came in and spoke to me. I saw him put something in his pocket. Then I looked at the case and this bracelet was gone."

The rest of the English team flew off to Mexico while Moore was detained in Bogotá. An investigating judge visited the scene of the alleged crime, listened to all involved and then let Moore go on condition he report to the Colombian Embassy in London when he gets home from Mexico. Moore's attorney has appealed this decision on the grounds there is no case against his client, and English fans have already issued their verdict: a put-up job to upset England's cup hopes.

#### ESCAPE IN THE SUN

Looking for a peaceful campus? Like to play in the sun? Then enroll at the University of Albuquerque. According to an ad on the sports pages of the *New York Daily News*, the University of Albuquerque can offer freshmen and transfer students "degrees in 25 fields at low cost in the beautiful sunland capital of America." Skiing and golf are only "15 min. from Campus." Just to make sure no undesirables apply, the ad warns "No Hippies, No Violence Allowed."

#### SECOND THOUGHTS

Emil Zatopek, the Czechoslovakian Olympic hero who fell from official favor after the Russians moved into his homeland, is well and happy, according to a slightly unconvincing interview in France's *L'Athlétisme* magazine. Said Zatopek, "I'm freer now. During the past few years, I was a man who belonged to society, I had thousands of meetings, thousands of appointments. Now I work as a laborer with a geological team. We bore into the earth to look for water. It's a little difficult but also interesting."

"I have never considered leaving Czechoslovakia. My future will be that

of an average citizen who has the pleasure of seeing others around him. I believe it was Einstein who said, 'Only a life lived for others is worthwhile.' I agree with him. Life is beautiful, and I love it very much. In poor countries I have seen men die of hunger. I am happy to live where one does not die of starvation, where one can learn."

"The qualities I like to see most in a champion are ambition, courage and will. Those are the qualities of a real man. What I dislike most is indifference, the lack of interest. That is the same thing as death."

#### OPEN ROAD

For Dick Barney, now back home in Portland, Ore., the coast-to-coast-to-coast trip in his 1916 Model T Ford was a breeze. Barney, a musical instrument and camera dealer who is described by friends as "either a great mechanic, an optimist or a nut," set out in his Ford last April for Portland, Maine. Water tanks and spare gear lined the running boards, and up front was a portable organ for musical accompaniment. Singing the song of the open road, Barney made the 4,000 miles in 27 days, and, according to him, "It was an unbelievable trip all the way." Because of minimum speed laws, Barney passed up the superhighways and chugged along back roads at 25 miles an hour, making friends all the way. His journey was almost free of those nasty little annoyances that plague motorists. He had only one flat tire, one breakdown and a minor collision—with a Baker Steam Engine. "The accident occurred in Ohio," Barney reports. "I saw a man working on the streamer and asked if I could photograph the two cars together. When I backed in, I got a little close and—crunch!"

#### NO RELIEF

Sherry Robertson has to be the only \$50,000-a-year vice-president who has ever gone back to a baseball bullpen for more money. Now 51 and a veep of the Minnesota Twins, Robertson played 16 years in the majors, mostly for his uncle, Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington Senators. He hit only .230 as a utility infielder, and his major personal achievement probably was staying in the game long enough to qualify for a player pension. Recently Robertson discovered he could get his pension increased by \$650 a month at age 60 (from \$450 to \$1,100).

*continued*

A black and white photograph of a man and a woman in a romantic embrace. The woman, on the left, has blonde hair and is wearing a red and black polka-dot top. The man, on the right, is smiling and looking down at her. He is wearing a patterned scarf and a light-colored shirt.

What's so special about this man?



Scratch, then sniff this tape  
to find out!

He's an Aqua Velva man! The fragrance you've sampled on the tape above is Aqua Velva Redwood after shave. One of four great Aqua Velva fragrances you can choose from... to get a girl's undivided attention. Also try famous Ice Blue, cool Frost Lime and bracing Menthol Mist. She'll love you for it!



**There is something about an Aqua Velva Man! Be one!**

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We'll never know how good you are until you play a Maxfli.  
Drive carefully. Use Dunlop balls, clubs and tees.

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if he could get back into uniform for 86 more games.

This was easily arranged, and VP Robertson is now suited up as a bullpen coach. The Twins have a regular bullpen coach, Bob Rodgers, so Robertson's duties are not exactly onerous. His biggest chore is answering the phone when the dugout calls. By next month Robertson will have completed his quota of games and be back in his swivel chair in the front office directing farm operations, all the richer for the experience.

#### CRAB CHAMP

In case you missed it, Robert Greault, executive chef at the Jockey Club in Washington, beat out 17 fellow chefs for top honors in San Francisco's second annual North American Crab Cooking Olympics. Greault won the title of Master Chef de Cuisine by taking firsts in the Crab Imperial and Crab Américaine concofts and placing second in the freestyle salad division. For those of you who summer on the shore—or near a good seafood store—here is the gold medal recipe for Crab Imperial.

In a saucepan, sauté one pound of blue crab meat with shallots; add salt and pepper to taste, a dash of Worcestershire sauce, a touch of lemon juice and one cup of fish sauce *velouté* made with a lot of cream. Add two tablespoons of green pepper chopped and sautéed. Remove from stove, add two tablespoons of hollandaise sauce and one tablespoon of whipped cream without sugar. Pour the mixture into a serving dish and bake at 350° for 15 minutes. Remove and serve over rice pilaf.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Wilt Chamberlain, Los Angeles Laker star, said to be paid \$250,000 a year, on the recent economic news: "What I made in 10 years of playing basketball, I lost in 10 days on the stock market."
- Tom Thacker, the first player to be on both NBA and ABA championship teams, on whether he would try to protect his Indiana Pacer guard position next season against the challenge of Rick Mount: "I'm going to try to come back. I might grow ugly, but I'll never grow old."
- Mrs. Cecily Bishop, 71, dropped from a British golf championship in which she had last competed in 1937: "My handicaps are gin and old age." **END**

## Now. Get behind an A&C Grenadier.

The sun shone, the grass was green and the sky was blue. Now to complete a perfect day he's enjoying a mild-tasting A&C Grenadier. You get real flavor from the Grenadier because it has A&C's unique blend of fine imported and choice domestic tobaccos. And real flavor is the reason so many men are buying so many A&C's. So get behind an A&C Grenadier. Available in light or dark wrapper, it's shown full size on the left. Or try a Panetela, a Tony or one of ten other A&C shapes and sizes.



### Antonio y Cleopatra

Park or box, you're ahead behind an A&C.





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If Avis rents you a Plymouth with over 19,000 miles on the odometer, you can keep it.

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But we don't expect to have to fulfill it, because we try harder to rent you the newest Plymouths in the business.

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**IF YOU'VE GOT MORE HAIR,  
YOU'VE GOT MORE PROBLEMS.**



You've let your hair grow in. And it looks great.

Sometimes.

Because what used to be just a small cowlick is now a very large problem.

What formerly amounted to a stray strand at the side, has turned into a flying wing.

And that dumb wave in the front now seems to go on and on and on.

What are your choices?

You can use grease or hair-spray or some other kind of gook to hold it down. Or, you can consider our alternative.

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It runs on electricity, which produces hot air, which provides a comb-blower effect. Which makes a big difference.

For instance, if the only problem you have is that you'd like to look like you have more

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Or, if you want to take care of stupid cowlicks, flying wings, or that wave in front, heat plus the brush attachment will put them down in seconds.

And, if you've got the kind of curly hair every girl you've ever known has se-

cretely envied, the instruction book can show you how to tame it down.

Try it. After all, the things you've got to lose, you'll never miss anyway.



**THE HOT COMB FROM REMINGTON**

# U.S.A. UP, UP AND AWAY

*Stocks, attendance and spirits were higher as summer started; maybe it won't last—but what a weekend!*

by WILLIAM JOHNSON

There was no reason to believe that any of it would last, this sudden surge of euphoria that swept across the country last weekend. The undercurrents of unrest were less audible for a moment, true, but they were still there: Indochina and student uprisings had not gone away. The stock market had made a dramatic turnaround, but nobody was prepared to bet his bottom dollar—it had almost come to that—that it would not reverse again. Any politician worth his wing collar would insist that the nation was on the brink of one moral disaster or another. And yet, in a sector where one might look for signs of recession and reticence, there it was: sporting America, at least, had a plain, old-fashioned, upbeat, crowded good time.

There were good reasons. One must remember that most places in the northern hemisphere of this particular planet consider the summer solstice to occur on June 22—the day the sun stands still just before it slips off into the zodiac region of Cancer on its way toward Capricorn and winter. But in the United States summer starts on Memorial Day. And almost nothing stands still.

Not the yachtsmen or the horeshoe pitchers or the coon-dog handlers or the Indy 500 drivers or the crazy skiing-sailors who turn out for their own favorite brand of competitions. Not the flag-draped volunteer firemen or the freckled cub scouts or the braless Women's Lib majorettes or the Little League shortstops or the beery Legionnaires who somehow all end up in the same unlikely line to march in God only knows how many thousands of meandering Main Street parades. And certainly not the horse bettors or the major league baseball fans.

The national atmosphere leading to Memorial Day 1970 could scarcely be called entirely festive or totally carefree. There was ample scope for dissent and anxiety, and perhaps at least some of the country's movement on Memorial Day could be defined as a symptom of massive psychic restlessness generated simply to escape the hard issues of the day—as well as to avoid the essence of the holiday itself, which was, of course,

conceived as a poignant way of remembering all the people who have died because of war. Nevertheless, the movement was there on this Memorial Day.

Perhaps it was the hope generated by the new luck of the Wall Street draw, or maybe there were things afoot of more cosmic impact—but investors of all callings apparently had decided that the stars were right for this holiday. It was the best in years for the nation's horse tracks.

It all adds up: at Finger Lakes in Canandaigua, N.Y., the day's betting handle from a crowd of 10,480 was \$547,524. At Ruidoso Downs outside Roswell, N. Mex., the take was \$230,130 from 4,500 customers. At Ak-Sar-Ben in Omaha they gathered an \$1,379,339 for the day, with 24,086 in happy attendance. At luscious Seminole Downs in Casselberry, Fla., a group of 2,808 folks came in and bet a grand total of \$101,868. And Hollywood Park near Los Angeles rang up a \$5,052,868 handle—third highest since the track was built in 1938. The crowd was counted at 54,050. All in all, well over half a million people spent their holiday within investing distance of pari-mutuel windows.

The betting handle for the day in both flat racing and trotting was nearly \$39 million. In New York, Belmont Park rang up more than any other U.S. flat-racing track, totaling \$5,378,452, while Roosevelt was No. 1 nationally for trotters with \$2,630,094.

That was how it was to be No. 1 for horse-racing money on Memorial Day. For No. 1 in downright horse-race hoopla, one should have been at the Garden State Park in New Jersey. It was Jersey Derby Day, and Lynn Simross noted that more than 40,000 people turned up, looked at pickles in a wooden barrel, bought genuine rock candy in bags for 20c, then listened to barbershop quartets and a zany group in red and white striped blazers called the Quaker City String Band. They watched

*continued*

*Once down by 6-2, Navy rallied to top Army at Iacovazzo, while at Boston, they rallied to the Red Sox (upper left). In San Francisco yachtsmen drifted home under the Golden Gate.*





#### UP AND AWAY *continued*

Joe McNaboe, a Cherry Hill, N.J. blacksmith, put on a horseshoe-making demonstration, and generally tried to pretend that it was 100 years ago or so. Of course, it was not, since the winner of the \$128,400 Derby was none other than the 1970 Preakness champion, Personality (page 63).

Naturally, the variety of events for the Memorial Day weekend was as varied as the people who attended. Yet one could count on the usual, the traditional, to come through. Indy drew its usual quarter-of-a-million-plus fans for what turned out to be a rather routine race (page 30). The flannel land of baseball, declared ailing and dormant by many, was well populated, if not exactly overcrowded, in these days of chaos and uncertainty. This is an era when a player is apt to wear three different uniforms in a single week: his home whites on Sunday, his road outfit for midweek games and his khakis on weekends. Last week some two dozen major-leaguers spent time with their Reserve or National Guard groups.

On Memorial Day, the major leagues drew 264,455. Not bad—it may mean brighter days are ahead. For the season thus far, American League crowds are off almost 250,000 from last year, while the National League (thanks largely to a Met attendance rise of 200,000) was about 300,000 over 1969.

Biggest crowd of them all on the



In New Jersey, the Derby Day crowd feek in a Camptown Cookout and set in the sun—then boated home winners from the stands.





*High in Colorado's Arapahoe Basin, the North American Ski-Yachting Championships combined a ski race; well, sort of a ski race (above) and a sailing race; well, until a storm came howling along and dumped many of the sailors into supercold Lake Dillon (below).*

holiday was—where else?—at the Mets' Shea Stadium. The world champions played the Houston Astros and packed in 54,424 customers (cunningly, they held Helmet Day in conjunction with Memorial Day). Second largest crowd for the holiday also occurred in the National League. At Chicago, the Cubs split a doubleheader with San Diego before 37,943 spectators.

And along the line of traditional ceremonies going on in traditional fashion, June Week 1970 at the military academies proved to be surprisingly similar to June Week 1960—or even 1940. Peter Carry visited West Point on Memorial Day and found the campus nicely crowded but entirely quiet under spectacular blue skies. One noteworthy difference from a decade or more ago was the yellow, green and red-striped campaign ribbons which appeared on the chests of many officer-alumni at The

*continued*







Point. They signified service in Vietnam. Beyond that, the day passed in normal military pomp and circumstance. And if war was to be the game of these young men one day in the future, this Memorial Day was not a day when their destiny was on display.

There were more immediate problems, for one thing. Army, which had been a precession favorite for the national lacrosse championships, was now reduced to playing for a one-third share of that honor. And Navy's crew was known to be tough. And for a time, oh, say, at the half, when Army led 5-2, and into the third period, 6-2, the situation seemed to be under control. But then Navy broke away on a scoring burst and won the game 8-7. The victory gave Navy a 12.5-1 athletic record over Army for the season, best ever for the Middies, and then, to make their weekend complete, they won everything else involved in their annual holiday games, baseball, golf and tennis. After the jousts, Carry noted, "There were some longhairs on the playing field. But it wasn't a demonstration; far from it. They were out there to congratulate—or console—the players."

But each section, each city, each neighborhood of the U.S. would be tuned into its own special Memorial Day thing, too, would it not? For example, in Tennessee, the Danny Thomas Memphis Classe golf tournament drew 22,500 friendly people to the Colonial Country Club, which led tournament treasurer Hugh Huffman to say, expansively, "Recession? We never did know of such a thing out here." Off Orchard Beach in the Bronx, the New York Rowing Association held a race attended by almost everybody who likes to watch people row boats. And in Owensville, Ohio (pop. 609), something like 3,000 people and 350 coon dogs turned out for the World Championship Coon Dog Water Racing meet, and thrilled together as wonderful events unfolded before them. "It's one of the biggest turnouts ever," said Russell Andrews, vice-president of the Southern Ohio Coon Hunters' Association. "And the mood seems better than last year, which surprises me, considering everything that's been going on." In a championship coon-dog water race, about six dogs are released together with

a splash into a lake from a single cage. Ahead of them in the water is a raccoon inside a cage that is pulled by a cable across the lake and eventually up a tree on the other side. First dog to enter a circle under the tree and bark at the raccoon wins a prize. This year's Grand Final winner at Owensville was a dog named Daddy's Baby.

Then there was San Francisco and the Bay Area, which staged an enviable assortment of Memorial Day affairs. About 1,500 people turned up for the Kennedy Memorial Games at the University of California's Edwards Stadium in Berkeley—including a group of New Zealanders who came to see their hero, one Dick Quax, a sub-four-minute mile runner newly arrived on American shores. Dick Quax led for two laps, then faded to finish fourth. But there was more, much more, to see in San Francisco than Dick Quax. For instance, the Northern California Regional Horseshoe Pitching Championship, which was held before a crowd of doves in Golden Gate Park beneath a stand of eucalyptus trees and the 12-foot carving of a horse. The chairman of the affair, Jack Seymour of San Francisco, mused, "We're very proud. Any time a horseshoe event draws more than 100 people, it's a national holiday. Say—it is a national holiday, isn't it?" One portly pitcher, Les Anderson, who had the look and sound of a Mancoske Fats of the horseshoe world, said, "I'll bet anyone that I'll pitch a ringer—blindfolded—if he'll put his chin on the stake." When there was a natural hesitation among bystanders, Anderson shouted, "Hell, I've never killed a man yet." When it was all over, John Pratt of Sacramento was the winner, 7-0, having hit ringers at a 69% rate.

San Francisco's Memorial Day was bright under light breezes, but yachtsmen returning from the annual Buckner Race, a 109-mile run from the St. Francis Yacht Club to the San Francisco Lightship and back, said they had fought a wild night, where the wind gusted so strongly that the water spray felt like sand. Peter Bottie, a crewman on *Chrysopele*, said, "I've never been in worse winds. The moon seemed to have a golden boundary around it, like two halos. Then it calmed. It was a truly eerie race."

Perhaps the wildest Memorial Day event of them all—certainly the one least easy to assimilate for those of routine and pedestrian men—occurred at Dil-

lon, Colo., in Summit County, just west of the Continental Divide in the high Rockies. This was the annual North American Ski-Yachting Championships, now in their sixth stupendous season. Anita Verschoth was at the event, which she described as "the only competition in the world where both sailing and skiing races take place almost at the same time." To allow for a lack of skiing talent, contestants were permitted to run the giant slalom course "either with both skis in hand or skis attached to the feet"; rank novices were allowed to use ski-bobs. Even more tricky and more risky than running the slopes was sailing the freakish surface of Lake Dillon. It was frequently hit by capricious assaults of tornado-like winds that came raging out of the mountains. The water temperature was about 35° at that altitude—and a man without a wetsuit could survive being dunked for no more than 15 minutes.

Naturally, there are large areas of misunderstanding and noncommunication between experts in the two sports. This year, Larry Jump, the president of the Arapahoe Basin ski area, entered a Santana boat and included Willy Schaeffler, the newly appointed U.S. ski team coach, as a member of his crew. When Jump told Schaeffler that he would be expected to host the spinneraker, Willy replied immediately, "The spinneraker? What is the spinneraker?"

On Memorial Day, as the boats gathered for the sailing segment of the races, the sun was warm and inviting, and a gentle breeze sent soft ripples across the lake. Then, barely a quarter hour after it all began, black clouds rushed over the mountain peaks and a sudden hailstorm smashed through Summit County. More than 100 sailors on Lake Dillon went into desperate emergency sail-hauling drills. Many boats went over, and the Coast Guard (which is always on hand for the event) went into hurried action and pulled the contestants, dripping and shuddering, to safety. A great deal of hot battered rum was consumed in the aftermath.

So Memorial Day did pass—in a grand variety of ways. And if, here and there, it seemed too frivolous for these times and too full of abandoned enjoyment for the very events it was supposed to memorialize, one could perhaps forgive everyone their high spirits. Because now it was summer at last. And, as always, the winter had seemed too long. **END**

*Peering warily from his wire basket, the raccoon stirred up all the action at the world coon dog racing meet in Owensville, Ohio.*

# LEFTY MAKES THE ANGELS SING

*Never a big-league player, California's paunchy manager, Lefty Phillips, looks like a misfit but his surprising team doesn't* by ROY BLOUNT JR.

The Angels, led by that old noncommunicative devil Alex Johnson, may not have proved themselves everlastingly superior to the Birds last weekend when the Baltimore Orioles visited Anaheim and got clipped in two out of three superbly entertaining games, but no one is denying the surprising California club a place close to the American League West throne. And now—at last—it is clear what kind of Angel Harold (Lefty) Phillips is. He is not a cherub, because a cherub would not have his mouth forever half full of either chewing tobacco or chewed cigar. He is not anyone's idea of Gabriel, because Gabriel would not wear such baggy pants and he would speak up more distinctly. No, Lefty Phillips' kind of angel, as the Scripture and recent California baseball history reveal with careful reading, is a seraph, one of the seraphim. For we read in *Isaiah* that each of the seraphim that appeared to the prophet "had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly." Considering the way the Angels' manager walks and sort of runs, that is about how, as opposed to some less awkward way, he would fly.

Furthermore, like the seraphim who laid a hot coal on Isaiah's "unclean lips" to purge his sin, Lefty Phillips more gently took care of the local sports-page prophets "who have come up to me and said that after knowing me, they wanted me to know they were sorry for what they wrote." To these penitents Phillips has observed, in his equitable way, "It takes a big man to do that."

Alex Johnson does not look like Lefty Phillips. His younger brother is University of Michigan and New York Giant Running Back Ron Johnson, but it often seems as though Alex could be Ron,

too, in the off season. He gets down to first base as fast as anyone in the game and he is currently hitting a hard .366. Alex, however, does resemble Phillips in that his reputation has not been baseball's brightest.

For one thing, he is a heart-stopping leftfielder in the tradition of Rico Carty. From time to time he drops a fly ball, and sometimes he just looks as though he might. That is doubtless one reason why he has played on four different teams in seven years while maintaining a lifetime average, through Sunday, of .301. The other reason is that he is not, in any conventional sense, a sociable man. He is known for dressing in silence, doing his job, undressing in silence and going home. "But I don't think he was unpopular on those other teams," says Jim Fregosa, in Johnson's defense. "I think he just didn't have anything the hell to do with anybody. Here, though, we kid him and he kids us back. He does have some peculiar traits. Like he won't let anybody shake hands with him when he hits a home run. He says nobody wants to shake his hand when he strikes out so why the hell should he shake hands with them when he hits? And he calls everybody 'bleephead' or 'bleep-bleeper.' Just about everybody is a bleephead. But if you're decent with him he'll be decent with you."

Chico Ruiz, who came over from the Reds this year with Johnson, says, "Eet's not true that the players din' like him in Cincinnati. They did. He jus' like to keep to himself. But there they had lots of hitters. Here they glad to see hees hitting, he take some of the pressure off Fregosa, Jeem Spencer. He feel more appreciated. And he playing a lot harder here, he charging the ball in left field like he never did in Cincinnati. He



din' like Dave Bristol there. Now that Bristol managin' Milwaukee he play extra hard against Milwaukee."

Johnson, playing with a stiff left arm, got two hits against the Orioles Friday night, including a long ninth-inning triple that was wasted, along with Andy Messersmith's six-hit complete-game pitching, as Mike Cuellar stuffed the rest of the Angels to win 2-0. Saturday night Johnson took matters almost entirely into his own hands. He walked to force in the first California run, stole second to get into position to score the second run and won the game 3-2 for Tom Murphy with a 400-foot home run in the eighth. After Saturday's game the ebullient Ruiz said, "When he cross the plate he let Spencer jus' touch hees hand a little. I know he don't want anybody shakin' hees hand in the dugout so I hang back an' then I jump out an' grab eet. An' he keek me. He keek me. See these shoe polish on my leg? See it right

here? He keek me. Oh, he's my hero."

Delighted, Ruiz spotted Johnson glowering in his direction from across the locker room and said, "There he ees. He talk to you. Go talk to heem." Yes, he will talk, replies Johnson when asked the direct question. So he is asked another question: how does he like playing for this team as compared to the other teams he's played for? "They all alike," he says, and that, for any writer who knows strength of character when he sees it, is interview enough.

But the Angels of 1970 are in fact not like the Angels of 1969. So it is that Lefty Phillips' public relations are suddenly booming, a fact that infuriates as much as pleases Don Drysdale, whom Phillips (as a scout) signed and helped develop, and later (as Dodgers pitching coach) counseled. "I think he's a great baseball man," says Drysdale, "and I've said this all the time. I was just burned up at the way everybody was talking about him last year—and nobody coming to his defense. It was a disgrace."

One trouble is that Phillips looks like a man who might come out to check the oil in a wagon, rather than a man who would have one of his own. "Lefty doesn't care about his pants," says Angels General Manager Dick Walsh. "As long as they stay on around the waist he doesn't think about what they look like." This year his pot is somewhat reduced and his pants overall a bit trimmer, but he still looks as though he may be keeping a few infield balls in his knucker legs and an extra infielder under his belt.

Another trouble is that Phillips' message is not always easy to pick up. His syntax has been called Stengelian, though it is not as fully developed as that. Walsh says, "It is not continuous. It is here and there and here and there." A Philipian sentence is, "I'm planning my piebitch rotation out through the All-Star break for the sake of the armed forces," which means not that he is trying to give the Defense Department some kind of break but that he is allowing for the days his pitchers will miss for military reserve duty.

Whole phrases are sometimes lost as Phillips adds a pinch of favorite tobacco to his chew. Other expressions never emerge from the chew at all, or at least they never make it as far as to the other corner of his mouth, which is the one he uses for speech. If the listener

hangs in there, however, Phillips will, too. "He was not a yes-man," recalls Walter Alston of Phillips' Dodger days. "He talked the same way to O'Malley as he would to me, and he'd talk the same to me as to a rookie pitcher. Of course it wasn't always easy to understand. I had to ask him to repeat himself a lot."

Phillips' persecutors were unable to forget his predecessor, Bill Rigney. Now managing the division-leading Minnesota Twins, Rigney had been manager of the team since its inception in 1961 and he was, and is, one of baseball's most popular men. "Lefty doesn't have anything to drink with the writers or anything like that," says Drysdale. "Not that Rig drank with them that much, but he might go out with them after the game for a while and relax. Lefty may have a beer or something if he's on a winning streak and really happy, but usually he just goes home and goes to bed and can't wait to wake up in the morning and talk more baseball."

The California players were also devoted to Rigney, and when Walsh named Phillips to replace Rigney in May last year after the team lost 10 straight, few people were pleased. It is understandable that even though the Angels' record improved markedly under Phillips the word went around the league that he was a lousy manager. "Ugh," said one headline, when the Angels renewed Phillips' contract in September. Only recently, when it was pointed out that the Angels' won-lost record for the first 160-odd games under Phillips showed almost as much improvement as the Senators under Ted Williams last year, has the treatment of Lefty (Ugh) Phillips changed. He is now being nominated in the papers as Manager of the Year.

The difference lies in the Angels rather than in Phillips. But the team that he and Walsh have assembled gets along with him well and trusts his strategies. And it is the best all-round team in Angel history. Besides Johnson, the Angels have, most notably, a remarkably deep and consistent group of young pitchers. Boog Powell, fresh from his shower after hitting the home run that beat Messersmith Friday night, called him "the best pitcher I've ever faced." Murphy and Clyde Wright have won 13 games between them, and Rudy May, whom Phillips calls "our No. 2 pitcher for stuff," is three and three with an

ERA of 2.47. The bullpen is even better. Ken Tatum had a 1.36 ERA last year and is 1.00 this season. In two years and 51 games of relief Paul Doyle has never once lost. Meanwhile, the club's hitting, aided by the 22-year-old surprise Spencer, Roger Repoz, Bill Voss, recent acquisition Ken McMullen and Jay Johnstone, is up more than 40 points over last year.

And that cucking in the background comes from Harold Phillips.

"He was a morning, noon and night kind of baseball thinker and talker," according to Alston, and according to Phillips he will stay that way. "Whenever I think about getting tired of baseball," he says, "I remember that I could have spent all my life working on the railroad, my family and me, just living from one payday to the next."

Phillips grew up in the Los Angeles area and got interested in baseball at the age of 10. He became a high school and sandlot pitcher of some promise, but after going two and two for Bisbee, Ariz. in 1939 he hurt his arm and that was the end of his professional playing career.

Still he wanted to get into baseball. Some scouts he knew "told me scouting would be a way for me to get back into baseball. So I'd work the graveyard shift for the railroad, from midnight to 8 a.m., then I'd sleep until 1 or 1:30 and go to a high school game."

He got a full-time scouting job with the Dodgers in 1951 and had great success, signing, among others, Drysdale, McMullen, Ron Fairly, Norm Sherry, Cincinnati Manager Spurdy Anderson and Jim Lefebvre. Phillips moved onto the field as Alston's pitching coach in 1965 and after the '68 season, when both Buzzie Bavasi and Walsh left the Dodgers, accompanied Walsh to the Angels. "I had 10 years with the railroad," Phillips says, "and that was pretty good toward the pension. But my wife Roberta pushed me. She said if it was what I wanted to do, I should take the gamble. She's had to raise our children pretty much by herself. On a lot of occasions, when a fella's not a good ballplayer, he's got to work harder to acquire jobs and keep them."

Who knows, maybe hard work pays off better than imbibing with writers and shaking people's hands after home runs. So far it has put two all-business guys on the side of the Angels. **END**

# BROTHER AL'S TURN IN THE 500

*In command from the start, Al Unser followed up his sibling Bobby's 1968 Indy victory with another for the Albuquerque family as ill luck befell A.J. Foyt, Lloyd Ruby and Mario Andretti* **by ROBERT F. JONES**

**T**he last message that Al Unser received from his pit crew as he drove toward victory in last Saturday's Indy 500 was a siren song scrawled in chalk on the communications board. PARTY TIME, it said, and those who got the message applauded joyfully. For there was a real lack of entertainment in the 1970 running of the Memorial Day race, much of it due—ironically enough—to the wonderful workings of Unser and his gleaming, blue-and-gold Johnny Lightning Special. Both man and machine were perfectly prepared for success, but en route they demonstrated that old sporting truisms: superb performances, by their very effortlessness, can also be superbly boring.

Not that Unser himself was bored. By winning at Indianapolis, the youngest member of the Unser racing clan—he turned 31 on Friday—fattened his personal bankroll by \$271,697.72 of the Speedway's first million-dollar purse, plus a victor's bonus of \$30,000 from his employer (Topper Toys), plus a huge wad of points toward the United States Auto Club drivers' championship. Still, for all those pluses, the Indy crowd—perhaps 300,000 people—had some misuses to count too. What had shaped up during qualifying (SI, May 25) as a tight race among relatively equal machines and equally ambitious drivers turned into a runaway.

But not before Unser and his car were thoroughly tested. Unser led the field for all but 10 of the day's 200 laps, staving off challenges by everything from weather to Lloyd Ruby to bad luck. The lightning that struck Al Unser at Indy after five years of trying (including a second-place finish in 1967) was self-generated, a fact that electrified Al but unfortunately not the customers.

Over the decades, the big-car buffs who flock to Indy for the world's toughest, best-paying automobile race have come to expect thrills, wheel-to-wheel duels and perhaps even a few brushes with death as their due (Indy has claimed 47



*An enveloping helmet with upturned visor gives winner Unser the look of a spec-ops knight.*

lives in its previous 53 runnings).

The city itself offers somewhat less in the way of excitement. There is the Gallatin Gun Club downtown at Illinois and St. Clair streets, and the Duck-Inn Tavern, and a vacant, bulldozed lot in the heart of town which bears a sign reading "Zebrowski Was Here." For eats, one can try "The Racer's Wedge," a kind of pizza available at most of the city's ubiquitous drive-ins, or sample the steaks at St. Elmo, an atmospheric dive where the waiters wear 19th century tuxedos and the shrimp sauce can catch granite.

With such compelling scenes to avoid in the city proper, it is little wonder that most visitors to Indianapolis during race month spend their time gawking over at the Speedway and waiting for drivers to bash the walls. Such behavior, however, can lead to befuddlement, as in a recent case where an elderly racing fan—asked if he would prefer Bud or Miller—answered: "Yeah, genome a Budmiller."

As the race approaches, things are livelier. Indianapolis is famous for its traffic mixes—intricate amalgams of stalled cars and flying beer cans. At times, with the tacit encouragement of Speedway officials, whole fleets of Corvettes or Mustangs appear in the middle of the night to serenade would-be sleepers with the music of their lightly muffled engines revved to a peak. As one Indianapolisite puts it: "When I was a kid, we called the place Nap Town, but you can't really say that anymore."

Still, there is a visceral thrill to Indianapolis during race week. The prospect of dangerous competition enhances every appetite—even if the danger to spectators is only vicarious. Rumors whip through town like tornadoes (which also whip through town now and then): so-and-so's top mechanic walked out today because he couldn't get the valves he wanted; it wasn't really a broken half-shaft that sent Mario Andretti into the wall during practice, just the fact that his crew didn't lube the hub before he went out. Mystery and a dead-end calm pervade Gasoline Alley at night, while mechanics monkey-wrench around in the tidy, green-and-white garages and the customary evening rain makes everything smell clean and roamy and doomy.

By the time the sun rose murky to herald the arrival of Memorial Day, Indianapolis and everyone residing there

were in a state of high excitement. Although the pole-winning speed was not a record, the overall field was the fastest ever: no one could predict a winner with confidence. G.K., Al Unser had the most consistent speeds of the month—in excess of 170 mph whenever he wanted to turn it on—but A. J. Foyt was ultra-ready and the track was aquiver with hungry drivers.

Dan Gurney had trimmed the wings of his Eagle and was looking tough in practice. There was always Roger McCluskey, or Joe Leonard, or Jim McElreath, who had qualified late on the last day in a car he'd picked up from Foyt. Word was circulating that Lloyd Ruby would make this his last pursuit of the victory that had eluded him for a decade. At 42, he was the most frustrated driver on the track. Then there was Johnny Rutherford, barely edged for the pole by Unser—and of course Al's brother Bobby, the 1968 winner, who could not be counted out. And what about Mark Donohue? Surely his car would hold together under Roger Penske's meticulous supervision, but was Mark quick enough? Art Pollard in his Car Wash Special could possibly clean up.

Through the morning a dense, 6,000-foot overcast was moving in from the southeast, blotting out the sun and carrying with it the smell of rain. Fists and voices were raised against the threat of a washout, yet when Trumpeter Al Hirt mounted a step ladder to serenade the national anthem, the echoes of his honied brass seemed to call down the rain. A quick little shower doused the back straightaway, and Chief Steward Harlan Fongler decided to hold beyond the noon starting time. Then, as if racing will-power were some sort of meteorological anticongalant, the skies began to thin and at 12:25 p.m. Fongler permitted the singing of the last prerace rite, *Back Home Again in Indiana*. A few minutes later, Tony Hulman bellowed, "Gentlemen, start your engines." It was all properly dramatic, but anticlimax was just around the corner.

As the racers flowed through Turn Four on the pace lap, Jim Malloy's white machine, which he had qualified in the third row, snapped a torsion bar and clipped the wall. The yellow flag flew before the green flag could even be unfurled. Malloy was out of the race. It was the first time since

1957 that a full field did not start at Indy. (Incidentally, it was Hulman's son-in-law, Elmer George, who collided with another racer during the parade lap to reduce the '57 field.) But the delay in restarting the race permitted the skies to soften even more, and by the time the green flag fluttered, at 1:07 p.m., the weather was fine for racing—cool, if threatening.

And for the first lap, at least, it was an excellent race. As the pack thrashed into the first turn, Johnny Rutherford slipped ahead of pole-sitter Unser, and the crowd oohed in amazement. This might be something else. But Unser quickly reestablished his lead on the backstretch, and when the cars came steaming down the main straight it was clear that Unser had matters firmly under control.

By the third lap the field had split into two distinct groups—the first and fastest consisting of the Unser brothers, Rutherford, Foyt, Donohue, McCluskey, Pollard and Andretti. The second flight, however, contained excitement in the form of Lloyd Ruby's red, white and blue "silent majority special." Ruby, after blowing six engines during practice and qualifying, had taken the 25th starting spot with a scorching 168.895-mph clocking, and now he was moving up through traffic. A sentimental favorite even without his patriotic colors, Ruby drove like a man possessed. Weaving through the crowded straights, sliding like a stocker around the corners, Lloyd made it to seventh place by the 22nd lap and was charging for the lead. By that point the first dropouts had already occurred, among them George Follmer in the STP Hawk-Ford with which Andretti had won last year. The engine simply failed, as if those 200 laps were all that could be expected of the car.

By the 27th lap Art Pollard had taken third place and the crowd had something else to consider. But then Pollard burned a piston—there was a spurt of blue smoke followed instantly by a yellow flag—and retired. The yellow lasted only two minutes, but many drivers took advantage of it to pull into the pits and shake down minor problems. One who came in with a problem far from minor was Mario Andretti. "The half-shaft on the right rear seized during the 10th lap," Mario explained later. "The best I could do—that cut—was

continued

about 162, and I felt I could have had an accident at any time." Nothing could be done in the pits without dropping the car entirely from contention, so Andretti returned to the field and tried to hang in there. As Mario pulled away, car owner Andy Granatelli's face was in somber contrast to his flamboyant pink shirt.

When the yellow flag lifted, attention shifted back to Ruby. Passing Bobby Unser in a great wash of cheers, Ruby took third place and set his sights on Rutherford and Al Unser. As the 50-lap mark approached, cars began to pit for the first of the three mandatory fueling stops. This was the first real test of the kind of efficiency that wins Indy more effectively than simple brute power. And it was here that the Johnny Lightning crews demonstrated their superiority. For one thing, Parnelli Jones & Co. had devised a new fueling system, derived from midair refueling by aircraft. No gas cap over the tanks, just a permeable membrane into which a nozzle was thrust. Additionally, Chief Mechanic George Bignotti had chilled his fuel with dry ice, reducing the volume and permitting more to be loaded at each pit stop. During this first stop Al Unser cleared the pit in 20 seconds—a low figure that he came close to repeating on stops two and three.

Rutherford, in contrast, had trouble. The clutch in his yellow Patrick Petroleum Special would not disengage when he hit the pits, and he stalled the engine. Total elapsed time before he returned to the battle: 53 seconds.

Few in the crowd were watching these developments, for Ruby was the center of attention. Then on the 54th lap the back of his colorful car burst into flames. Studs that had loosened during the wild ride earlier in the race had permitted oil to seep out of the engine and ignite on the hot exhaust. Ruby screamed to a halt in the infield grass and retired. An hour later, with a straw cowboy hat cocked down over his morose face, he lamented to Carroll Shelby: "Shel, it just ain't meant for me to win at this place. I don't think Indy likes me. Every year I try to change her opinion, but every year she wins." Would he be back next year? "I dunno," allowed Lloyd. "Getting into a race car for me now is just like going to another day's work. Except this is a little bigger."

By now it was clear that Al Unser was on his way. The Rutherford challenge had faded in the pits, and Johnny slipped to third, behind A.J., then to fourth, behind Bobby Unser. At the 200-mile mark, Al and his Lightning were averaging 161.043—a new record for that

distance. Mario pitted for the third time, still slowed by the misbehaving half-shaft, changing rubber frantically in search of more speed.

If there was to be a challenge to Al Unser, it would have to come either from Foyt or from Mark Donohue. A.J. has a way of stalking the front-runner until everything is in place, then pulling it all together toward the end of the race and surging to the lead. That was how he generated his three earlier victories, and many in the crowd were waiting for it to happen again. Foyt himself had prepared for an unprecedented fourth victory in every way possible. He was even wearing the same helmet he wore during his last win in 1967. "I'm not superstitious," he grinned to a questioner. "I'm just careful."

Donohue's spic-and-span blue Sunoco Lola was doing precisely what it had been set up to do—endure. And Donohue, in his second appearance at Indy, was more confident than last year, when he won Rookie-of-the-Year honors. Still, it would take a lapse on the part of Unser and his car for either Foyt or Donohue to take him.

When time came for the second pit stop, it was obvious that no such lapse was imminent. Unser cleared the pits in 22 seconds. Foyt, only five seconds behind Unser when he pitted, had the ghastly misfortune not to be able to position his car properly for fueling due to a confusion of cars and people in the area. He rolled back out on the track and raced another lap before pitting for real. That cost him at least half a lap to Unser—and left him 37 seconds behind. Donohue pitted smartly but was still no more than a long chance.

When time came for the third pit stop, Unser was close to lapping A.J. His lead of nearly one minute allowed Al the luxury of drafting his closest competitor, of conserving his own machine while forcing Foyt to brutalize his. Attrition was moving other cars up in the standings. Dan Gurney, after an initial problem with vapor lock, closed to fourth place at the 160-lap mark. Though he posed no threat as yet, there were still 100 miles to run, and in recent years many strange things have happened in those last laps.

No sooner had the pit-row savants reminded themselves of that fact than—yep—something strange happened. Ripping into the short north chute, Roger



His engine alive after sensational sprint, Lloyd Ruby is helped from "sweet majority special."

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McCluskey lost control of a car he was driving in relief for Mel Kenyon. It hit the wall and burst into pale blue flames. Though Roger got out without injury, methanol was spilled over the track and other cars could not avoid involvement. Jack Brabham—who had been slowly eroding his way into the top 10—was squeezed out. Bobby Unser pitted to check his tires and fell back ultimately to 11th place. Ronnie Bucknum, also involved in the shunt, was ordered into an ambulance for a hospital inspection. He waved cheerfully at the crowd as the ambulance wheeled him down pit row. Andretti hit the infield grass, felt his half-shaft pop back into its proper place and began turning 165-mph laps, but it was much too late. As for Foyt, in trying to avoid the accident he broke his gearbox. Though A.J. finished the race, he did so at practically a walking pace and ended up—not as a challenger for immortality—but merely 10th.

The caution light for McCluskey's

crash lasted 17 minutes and 45 seconds while his foam-smothered car was being picked up and towed off. The trouble certainly cemented victory for Al Unser (*see cover*), but at the same time it denied him a chance to erase Andretti's 1969 record of 156.867 mph. Unser had been averaging four mph faster than the record. By the time he took the flag, 19 laps after the yellow lifted, Al's average had slipped to 155.749 mph. Still, that was 32 seconds faster than second-place finisher Mark Donohue.

Unser's win was the first victory for a pole sitter since Parnelli Jones turned the trick in 1963. Coupled with his older brother Bobby's 500 victory in 1968, Al's win also gave Indy its first brother champions and introduced the later-television audiences across the country to the matron and chief chili cook of the family, Mary Unser. She gave Al a kiss and told the people she enjoyed racing. Like most all Albuquerque men named Unser, her late husband had been a Pikes Peak Hill-

climb champion. So had his two brothers, Al and Bobby have raced up to the Peak countless times. But even in the middle of all that joy, it was difficult to forget that another Unser brother, Jerry, had lost his life practicing for Indy in 1959, after surviving a wild, over-the-wall crash in 1958. Nobody was talking about that, though, when Al took the checkered flag. Unser allowed as how it was really Parnelli Jones who had engineered the victory. "Parnelli told me to take it easy and don't try to break the car," said Unser. "That's all I did."

Before Al Unser returns to the big-car wars, he has a date with a hike. Last year he broke his leg in a motorcycle spill just before qualifying began, and this year was forbidden from riding. Now the ban has been lifted. With all the goodies being handed him at Indy, Al could finally say, with Arlo Guthrie, "Well, I don't want a pickle. Just wanna ride on my motorcycle." Which he promptly did. **END**

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# Cruise to Islands


The first European to set eyes on the Galápagos wrote home, "It looks as though God had caused it to rain stones." Ever since Fray Tomás de Berlanga, Bishop of Panama, put that down in a letter to the King of Spain in 1535, travelers have been struggling to say it better. No one has. I am not going to try. For my cruise to the archipelago was a subjective experience, a phenomenon out of the ordinary context of place and time, and I am still groping to sort out what I saw and felt.

The birds got to me first. They came

out to meet us, even before dawn, as *Sans Terre* plowed rhythmically through Pacific swells. Astern, our wake faded quickly, swallowed by the vastness, as invisible as the vacuum closing behind a spaceship. I looked up at the stars for familiar faces. There were none. The Great Bear and Polaris had dropped below the horizon, and the rising Southern Cross brought along unknown galaxies. I was conscious of shapes sensed rather than seen, while occasionally came the sibilant whisper of swift wings. Land could not be far.

I studied the charts. Genovesa should be there, I assured myself, staring over the bow, and Marchena somewhere in the blackness off to starboard. How to explain that less than a degree from the equator the name Marchena brought a shiver or that it symbolized what I was expecting to find in the yet-unseen archipelago? Many years before I had looked at macabre photographs of two sun-shriveled bodies lying on a beach, the last act of a celebrated mystery that had begun on another island of the Galápagos. Through circum- *continued*

*An American yachtsman explores the eerie Galápagos Archipelago, where he finds the birds and beasts of Darwin's age—and echoes of bizarre human tragedies* by CARLETON MITCHELL



## of Wonders and Terror

stances still unexplained, the men had gone ashore at Marehena. It was less the fact of their death that lingered in my mind than the impression I had formed of the setting: barren, arid, tortured, neither sand desert nor stark, unrelieved rock but something alien—a strange glimpse of another world, not really part of Planet Earth. What affected me most was the feeling that somehow it was a landscape in which

raints, while tiny storm petrels sipped at plankton in the swells; they were as delicate and precise as hummingbirds poised over a splash of blossoms.

Following the flight of a snow-white booby, I had my Galápagos landfall, Genovesa, low on the horizon to port, outlined against the dawn sky. It was not what I expected. There were no clusters of volcanic cones, not even a single symmetric peak, a chalice in-

sage in a small boat, a feeling of strangeness at the cessation of an accustomed routine, a sensation of not belonging—of wanting yet not wanting the voyage to end. Suddenly the sea was almost wholly shut out. Darwin Bay formed a nearly perfect circle. Its walls were gray-black rock, not tall but steep. The only thing that showed man had ever intruded were the painted names of passing yachts, saved from being offending graffiti by serving as reassuring links with the familiar world.

We lowered the dinghy and began rowing toward a small wedge of sand, the only break in the encircling walls. As we neared it, the way was blocked by a dark cloud roiling in the shallows. As we drifted closer, dorsal fins cut through the froth of churning tails. At that moment it did not seem out of character to have the way blocked by a convocation of sharks. We had to wait until the pack moved away before we could get the dinghy to shore.

For awhile we stood beside it, loth to abandon our symbol of escape. Yet for us, in reality, there was no escape. The Galápagos lie beyond the range of most small engine-driven craft, and we had passed the point of no return. We could not leave until we took on fuel, and though we did not know it then, we had no real guarantee of getting more.

*Sans Terre* had cruised from Los Angeles southward along the west coast of Mexico and the Central American republics to Golfito, Costa Rica, thence offshore to Cocos Island and onward to the Galápagos. With occasional fueling stops, our shakedown voyage had already covered 4,000 miles, enough to cross the Atlantic Ocean with plenty to spare. The plans that had gone into a thick envelope marked **PROJECT HOME AFLOAT** were now realities (SI, Feb. 3, 1969). In comfort—say, luxury—*Sans Terre* had carried us past the semidesert of Baja California and into lush tropic bays of the Isthmus of Panama, living up to the meaning of her name, "free from the land." Extra tanks for extra range had been added when she was built in Hong Kong, but even a camel—or a Galápagos tortoise—must drink sometime.

As we stood on the beach of Isla Genovesa, called *Quiva Sueña*, Nightmare



Volcanic cones mark an archipelago system over 30,000 square miles of the equatorial Pacific.

the corpses of men seemed to belong.

In my reverie I was almost unaware that the night weld of sea and sky had dissolved into a horizon. It was time for morning sights. Taking the sextant from its case, I looked aloft. What drew my attention were not the remote lifeless points of brilliance light-years away but a profusion of life just overhead. Frigate birds beyond count soared in layers, the lowest seemingly attracted by the button on the tip of our radio antenna, the highest mere sweeping silhouettes against the paling clouds. Across this serene warp scurried a busy web of booby birds, beguiling clowns I had grown fond of as they escorted *Sans Terre* along the Mexican coast. Between the two darted gulls and cormo-

verted after the subterranean fires had poured forth. Instead Genovesa looked as innocent as an oversize birthday cake with pale chocolate frosting.

It had its crater, all right, but it was down, not up. *Sans Terre* entered Darwin Bay over a lip rising almost to the surface. After we passed over this shallow doorstep, the depth recorder showed the bottom plunging beyond its maximum range. All the line aboard would not have held us to an anchor in the center, but the *Sailing Diver* noted a ledge in a corner of the bay for "small craft with local knowledge."

For long minutes after coming to rest, my shipmates and I leaned on the rail and stared. There is always an aura of unreality at the finish of a long ocean pas-

Island on some early Spanish charts, the birds again came out to meet us, to guide us, to make clear that the island was not a desolate waste but a veritable Eden for those who belonged. And we were welcome. The first greeters were a pair of swallow-tailed gulls, noisy little fellows with big bright eyes rimmed with orange. They advanced to our feet and retreated, leading us up the beach and proudly present a ball of fluff in a nest under a thornbush where the beach ended. While we admired, they stood on tiptoes and bragged loudly.

Next came the mockingbirds, which we were soon to think of as Dead-End Kids, precocious but naughty urchins, at once amusing and infuriating. The advance guard deployed in the dinghy as we alighted, pecking into camera cases and trying to sip from the water bottle; others scurried away from under each footfall, darting back to investigate a shoelace or discarded matchstick. The lack of fear shown by Galapagos life had been a source of wonder to the earliest explorers even as they slaughtered for food, and Charles Darwin, whose observations in 1835 helped germinate the theory of evolution, felt it necessary to conclude his "description of the natural history of these islands by giving an account of the extreme tameness of the birds." Although the archipelago is among the few places on earth where aboriginal man never existed, it has served as a ladder for over four centuries of bu-

caners, whalers, sealers, turtles, tuna fishermen and assorted outcasts from civilization. Yet we could walk among the birds like a latter-day St. Francis of Assisi.

On either hand, birds by the hundreds went on with the ritual of display courtship, the brooding of eggs and the feeding of young as we passed within touching distance. We paused to see the outcome of raucous arguments over choice building sites and laughed at titanic struggles over shards of nesting materials. So far as the local residents of Genovesa were concerned, we were only birds of passage in strange plumage, not worthy of rank in the pecking order that regulates avian society.

Even frigates guarding chicks paid no attention—imposing characters with wingspans wider than our outstretched arms, staring over blood-red air bladders, basketball size, inflated under long hooked beaks. One slash would have cut like a razor, but they watched us approach within striking distance without moving. It was the same with boobies—red-footed, blue-footed and white—and gannets and gulls and other varieties I did not recognize.

The rookery noises arose in a cacophony in no way related to familiar bird sounds. I could detect peanut-stand peeps, castanet clicks, rusty door-hung squeaks, baby rattles, wolf whistles, the mewling of kittens, sheep bleats, hog-wallow grunts and rasping blasts like old-fashioned hand-operated automobile horns.

Sea lions watching from the perimeter added to the bedlam. They were more circumspect, as befits a species that survives solely because it is neither good to eat nor looks pretty on a woman's back, while their cousins, the fur-bearing seals, are in danger of becoming extinct. Females and their pups tagged along behind like dogs, whiskered faces peering up from the waters just offshore. Only bulls guarding harems were touchy, but we knew from the islands of Mexico that they were not dangerous.

At the far boundary of the rookery the lava was pierced by a series of tidal pools. All were occupied. Yet we desperately wanted a swim, and despite the howling as we shed our clothes, felt the climate more friendly than at the



*Approaching the colossal rock, Sleeping Lion.*

beach, where fins still protruded. When I eased into one oversize bathtub, an entire family of sea lions scrambled up the far side. They stopped before going far, with an air of waiting for me to finish—and hurry up about it.

I was slow because the other end of the pool was draped with marine iguanas basking on the rocks. Looking at them, I was for the first time fully aware of the landscape. The hideous reptiles, lying in the sun to warm corpse-cold blood, were reminders of the photographs from Marchena. I floated in my pool looking out at unimaginable desolation. Genovesa's origin was unmistakable: molten rock flowing like pitch, cooling layer on layer into forms tortured and fantastic beyond description.

In terms of the earth's timetable the Galapagos are newly minted. Studies put the age of most of the islands at less than a million years and none much more than two. They surged from ocean depths in a mighty display of primordial fireworks—2,000 volcanoes, Darwin estimated. When the eruptions ended, there were 13 major islands, plus innumerable islets and rocks, totaling some 2,800 square miles. Gales are unknown, and even normal winds are fickle and for long periods can disappear entirely. Rain is a rarity. Thus little erosion from the sea or sky has taken place, nor has there been an accumulation of humus and de-

*continued*

*"Sons Terro" at anchor off Barrington Island.*



tritus through the decomposition of organic matter. Except for a very few areas, the Galápagos remain creation in the raw, not yet ready for man. Perhaps it is this which makes them seem so frightening.

When we went back to *Sans Terre* we found the birds had taken over. Pelicans roosted on awning supports over the afterdeck and the bow pulpit was festooned with boobies. Those who had first achieved a foothold on the slippery stainless-steel tubing had developed a

crept between two rock pinnacles off San Cristóbal of a size to dwarf the Faraglioni of Capri, a tourist wonder of the Mediterranean world. It was not until we launched the dinghy and I took photographs from a quarter of a mile away that my eye succeeded in grasping the true scale. When *Sans Terre* passed through the cleft our sturdy oceangoing vessel was reduced to a barely visible speck.

We dropped anchor in Wreck Bay and went ashore, to find a frontier settlement of frame houses and rusting corrugated iron roofs, token of increasing population pressures driving men farther afield. Approximately 3,500 Galápagos—mostly Ecuadorian but embracing 14 nationalities—now scratch out an existence in the archipelago. They are concentrated almost entirely on San Cristóbal and Santa Cruz island, where cloud-covered uplands provide some soil and moisture. As we walked the street rimming the beach we found shops selling onions and potatoes, dried fish and beans, canned beef and flour. One time through and we had done the town.

As we voyaged on to Academy Bay and Santa Cruz Island a mild breeze kicked up little wavelets which *Sans Terre* drove through without wetting the deck, despite a flurry of white water under the bluff bow. Almost on course lay Isla Santa Fe, commonly called Barrington. All the islands have both Spanish and English names, the latter carrying the ring of nobility although mostly bestowed by buccaneers. We nosed in close and found a paradise for sea lions. Large colonies snoozed in rock-girt coves or body-surfed in the breakers, while bulls maintained a ceaseless offshore patrol, bellowing lustily at the intruding bulk of *Sans Terre*.

Forest Nelson, an old sailing friend with whom we were to rendezvous, was waiting to indicate the best anchorage. After three protracted cruises to the Galápagos he had sold his boat to become a pioneer in tourism. Ashore he showed us cottages he was constructing around a central dining room and lounge at the tip of a lava rock-flow into the sea. Forest envisioned small groups flying from Quito to Isla Baltra, where the Ecuadorian government had enlarged an airstrip built by the United States to patrol the approaches

to the Panama Canal during World War II; thence the tourists would be brought by boat to Academy Bay. Later would come overnight expeditions on horseback to the highlands of Santa Cruz and visits to Floreana.

Academy Bay we found to have charm, despite having mushroomed even more swiftly than Wreck Bay. Our near neighbors ashore were the Angermeyer brothers, Carl, Gus and Fritz, who had arrived from Germany in 1938. We were anchored so close to their houses that Carl's pet marine iguanas swam under *Sans Terre* whenever they foraged for algae on the harbor bottom. Carl painted, struggling to capture on canvas the special quality of the local landscapes, while Gus collected Galápagos curios—shells, weird formations of lava, driftwood. Together they know the islands as no others.

Despite a hospitable welcome, our glimpses of the uninhabited islands made the haunts of man pall. Once again we moved on, watching the pygmy traces of civilization drop astern. As soon as *Sans Terre* turned the corner of the bay, we looked upon terrain unchanged since the first awed intruder had sailed past. To starboard, Santa Cruz towered as an almost perfect cone, except for being divided into twin craters at the very summit. It was clear of cloud, and we could see green. Yet I was not fooled



*A masked booby perches lonely on branch.*

fine proprietary air. Interlopers were warned off with shrill squawks and rapier beaks. Next morning when we got under way to circumnavigate the island, neither the clanking anchor chain nor the swells we soon came into dislodged the hard-core roosters, who had to flap their wings without cease to maintain balance. They refused space to potential hatchhikers from our swarming escort, which was constantly augmented. As we followed each squiggle of coastline, barely clear of backwash from surf dashing against sheer walls, clouds rose from other lookerxes to join the parade. Genovesa will always remain in my memory as the island of birds.

By slipping away at midnight, finding our way out of the crater-harbor by radar and fathometer, we avoided prolonged farewells. Only the stars were with us when *Sans Terre* crossed the equator. It was too early for Father Neptune to come aboard, but we were in time to see the Sleeping Lion awaken with the dawn. In soft morning light we

*Iguanas and sea lions share rocks and water.*





Swallow-tailed gulls stroll amid the cactus.

by the aspect of vegetation on the lower slopes. Only spike-leaved *Opuntia* cactus could find a foothold in the lava, alternating with thorny shrubs which never develop into trees. They are covered with bark as tough as armor plate and put forth a few green shoots only at the tips of their branches. Their ability to survive depends on their capacity to absorb and retain the scant moisture falling during the season of the *perla* drizzles, May to November. There would be no shade under them for a castaway.

Islands lay literally at every point of the compass, although many were out of sight over the horizon. The larger of those we could see from the flying bridge conformed to the description in the *Soil-ley Directions*: "roughly circular in shape [having] one or more principal craters towards their centers with several smaller ones on their flanks." The exception to the rule is Isabela, which consists of five major craters and lesser ones beyond count. Some geologists believe the flow of lava was so great that five separate islands were joined together at their bases, forming a contiguous land mass 80 miles in length, by far the largest of the Galápagos Islands. As the highest cone towers to 5,540 feet and depths of nearly 2,000 fathoms are found close offshore, the eruptions must have lifted some three miles above the ocean floor.

Before sunset we anchored off San Salvador under a dramatic symbol of fiery creation. At one corner of Bahía Sul-

livan rose a monolith of black rock, not much bigger at the base in proportion to its height than the Empire State Building and seemingly nearly as tall. I suspected that even a wee tremor could put the whole mass across our deck.

On leaving Academy Bay a rendezvous had been arranged with Carl and Gus Angermeyer. They were undertaking a round-trip voyage of 300 miles in their little ketch *Simba* in the hope of selling paintings and artifacts to tourists aboard a cruise ship scheduled to make a three-hour stop in Tagus Cove, on Isla Isabela. Getting there, *Santa Terra* crossed the equator twice; it cuts across the northern tip of Isabela. When we entered Tagus Cove from one side, the cruise liner was steaming out the other, looking like a child's windup toy in comparison to the towering walls.

The Angermeyers had been disappointed. Due to a change in the ship's announced departure time, they had to leave. They were somewhat cheered by our arrival and happy to accompany us to Point Espinosa, on Isla Fernandina, where they showed us details we might otherwise have overlooked. As Genovesa in my mind symbolizes birds, Point Espinosa is fixed as the showcase of bizarre Galápagos life. Several species do not exist elsewhere even in the archipelago. As we crossed Canal Bellavir, the volcanic slopes of Fernandina loomed ever more barren. But on coming to anchor near *Simba*, we found ourselves off a rare oasis of greenery, a mangrove swamp lying between the lava wastes and the sea. The point itself was an outstretched arm of black sand and ground-up seashells, making it a mottled gray, the outer extremity was like a hand spread open, with surf foaming into coves formed by the fingers.

My introduction to local phenomena came before even going ashore. In the lee of the point the sun was scorching. A swim to cool off had more than the anticipated effect. Diving from the stern platform, I came up gasping. In comparison to the air the water was icy. Then I remembered the Humboldt Current, the great surge from the Antarctic that flows northward along the coast of South America without losing its polar chill. Drying hastily, I found among our navigational gadgets the same sensitive thermometer that had located the Gulf

Stream for *Fuisteve* on three races to Bermuda. Lowered over the side, the mercury barely topped 60°—exactly 16 miles from the equator.

Long ago, penguins had been swept away from ice fields at the bottom of the world by the same current, and ashore we were greeted by the most northerly colony in existence, winsome little fellows whose ancestors had adapted to a strange new home. They regarded us with the gravity of judges as we approached small islets fringing the mangrove swamp. Sharing their ledges were birds hardly deserving the title. Elsewhere, cormorants are aerial acrobats, swooping to snatch fish from cresting seas. On Point Espinosa a species has evolved that uses the remaining stumps

lignous bark on Fernandina's sunny rocks.



of wings only for balance when hopping toward the water on webbed feet that grew larger as the wings became vestigial.

Totally different forms of life awaited us on the barren peninsula forming Point Espinosa. Marine iguanas were massed on the rim of the cove we chose for landing. When we pulled the dinghy clear of the water they retreated, then formed a circle. Most individuals were approximately three feet in length, but many were larger. Ugly and black and scaly, they stared at us through slitted reptilian eyes. A ridge of horny dorsal spines bristled along their backs from neck to tail as they raised the forepart of their bodies on taloned feet. Like miniature dragons, several breathed steam or seemed to; actually they were ejecting a vapor-fine spray of salt water from their nostrils.

continued

Trudging through the coarse volcanic sand of Point Espinosa with the Angermeyers, I felt as close to being in a lost world as could exist on this planet. Flightless cormorants and marine iguanas are indigenous to the Galápagos, yet show their resemblance to similar species elsewhere. Naturalists agree that the forebears of all living things in the archipelago, except a few long-range flying and swimming creatures, arrived as flotsam borne by currents. They were castaways who survived by being able to adapt to the conditions they found. Little wonder that Darwin was startled into questioning the tenet of faith that held that the world and its denizens were created complete in 4004 B.C. Darwin believed the Bible, but after he cataloged 13 species of finches obviously descended from a common ancestor, each of which had developed beaks of different shape and size to survive by different means, he noted in his diary: "... One might really fancy that from an original paucity of birds in this archipelago, one species had been taken and modified for different ends."

Of the exotic creatures described by Darwin, one of the most difficult to find today is the giant land tortoise. I was content to settle for the examples roaming enclosures at the Charles Darwin Research Station in Academy Bay. Others

survive on Santa Cruz and Isla Isabela, but in upland fastnesses where only dedicated naturalists are likely to seek them out. Unfortunately, the *galápagos*, once so numerous as to give the archipelago its name, possessed characteristics virtually guaranteeing extinction—they were not only good to eat, they could be kept for long periods before the days of refrigeration. Commodore David Porter, U.S.N., captain of the frigate *Essex*, wrote in 1815: "Vessels on whaling voyages among these islands generally take on board from two to three hundred ... and stow them in the hold, where, strange as it may appear, they have been known to live for a year, without food or water."

Behind us as we explored Point Espinosa reared a volcano that had last erupted six months earlier. Carl Angermeyer had seen a mushroom cloud and heard an explosion on June 11, 1968; he had sailed over from Academy Bay a few days later to find that the bottom of the crater had lowered nearly 1,000 feet, although there was no fresh lava flow. Across Canal Bolívar we looked upon a part of Isla Isabela that had been sea floor not many years before. A subterranean convulsion had caused a section of coast to rise so swiftly that fish were left stranded and langoustine died in their caverns. Nature is not yet finished with the Galápagos.

Perhaps a tree standing almost at the tip of Point Espinosa came closest to symbolizing for me the wonder and mystery of the archipelago. Equatorial sun burned my bare shoulders as I looked upon swimming penguins. Sea lions by the hundreds ranged between the fingers of the outermost ledges, the bulls roaring ceaselessly while mothers nursed pups in the coves. Scarlet crabs, bright as painted tin, darted in and out of a surf, that creamed onto coal-black lava. Frigate birds wheeled and boobies plummeted from a blue sky into green shallows. And there before me were the stark skeleton branches of a tree that somehow had managed to achieve maturity in sand laved by salt water. As I came closer, sea lions sleeping at the base lifted their heads, and marine iguanas, which had climbed into the branches to come nearer to the warming sun, spat at me through their nostrils. The tree and its denizens belonged; I was an intruder.



The famous mail barrel at Post Office Bay.

Man's existence in such surroundings is tenuous. The past history of the Galápagos is one of strife, suffering and bloodshed. Humans arrived in small waves through the centuries, briefly clinging to the shores before being flung back into the sea. Ability to survive came from the discovery of an oasis providing drinking water, which still limits settlement to a few parts of very few islands. One of them is Isla Santa María, or Floreana, whither *Sons Terre* bore us after Point Espinosa.

In the summer of 1932 a German couple, Heinz and Margret Wiltmer, landed on Floreana and established themselves near Black Beach Bay. Water had to be transported, but they managed to start a garden and begin construction of a house. Floreana at that juncture might have become the paradise the Wittmers seem to have sought but there arrived that same October a disturbing woman who called herself Baroness Elise Bosquet de Wagner Wehrborn. She had three companions, Robert Philippson, Alfred Rudolf Lorenz and an Ecuadorian who had joined the entourage in Paris.

Before leaving Guayaquil for Floreana—and no one knew why she picked that particular island—the Baroness had announced grandiose plans for building a resort hotel that would make Floreana renowned. She and her helpers were to make preliminary plans. From the first she regarded the island as her ex-

A Galápagos hawk—the islands' only hawk.





clusive property. Her usual costume was a brassiere and shorts, and she packed a pistol. She brandished it frequently and used it on occasion, usually on animals, which she then attempted to nurse back to health. However, a peon working for the Baroness apparently fell victim to her automatic, and the Ecuadorian in her "family" was shipped out with a bullet in his stomach. Lorenz was beaten and frequently threatened with worse after he had been displaced as the Baroness' favorite by the huskier, but no luckier, Philippon.

The Baroness fancied herself "Empress of the Galápagos." Newspapers around the world reported her scheme to build a "Hotel Paradiso" on Floreana, also known as Utopia and the Island of Love. Despite the nearest thing to a mail service being a barrel set on a platform in Post Office Bay—a holdover from whaling days, when outbound vessels left letters for homeward-bound ships to pick up—the Baroness managed to file her copy.

Then in March 1934 the Baroness and Philippon suddenly vanished, a drama still ranking among the outstanding causes célèbres of the 20th century. The Ecuadorian government appointed a commission to investigate. Its reports were seized upon by journalists liberated from the shackles of verifiable facts by distance and the difficulties of communications. Speculation filled endless columns.

Even across the years the details came back vividly as *Sans Terre* closed Black Beach Bay. A boat put off as we dropped anchor, and Rolf Wittmer introduced himself as he climbed aboard. He was the baby Margret had been carrying when she arrived in the Galápagos. At the last moment, when Frau Wittmer was in great pain during labor and normal delivery seemed hopeless, Heinz Wittmer left her to plead with a reclusive dentist, also a German, who lived on another part of the island. He came without delay to save the lives of mother and child.

Rolf rowed us ashore. Margret Wittmer welcomed us, a sweet-faced hausfrau grandmother who had survived pioneer hardships perhaps unequalled in her generation of women. Sipping homemade wine in a curtained dining room, surrounded by her nostalgic reminders of

a homeland far away, it was hard to remember the hostile environment beyond the tiny clearing or conceive what carving it from the wilderness had cost in human terms. Outside, chickens cackled, a cow grazed, children played and Rolf had gone back to hammering on a boat he was building as the side yard.

Thus the following morning, going ashore at Post Office Bay, I had a feeling of closer association with the mystery of Floreana than when face to face with the surviving protagonists. In the scrub and cactus thickets nearby the Baroness had lived and planned Hotel Paradiso—and undoubtedly is still there, close, a bundle of bones stuffed into a lava cave alongside what is left of her last lover, Philippon. Although Lorenz probably would have been jailed elsewhere on circumstantial evidence, he remained free for a fate more in keeping with the setting of the drama. A Norwegian named Nuggerud, part of a colony that had established itself in Academy Bay, happened to stop in *Diamantina*, a small boat he used for fishing. Lorenz begged to be taken to Wreck Bay, where he could find means to leave the Galápagos. They paused briefly at Santa Cruz, then continued what should have been an overnight passage. The next morning they were sighted from Wreck Bay, becalmed. No further thought was given *Diamantina*, which might have been fishing, but an old tragedy of the islands was repeating itself: no wind, no motor, no means to make headway, the keel gripped by currents; sooner or later no food and no water. On Nov. 17, 1934 a tuna clipper sighted a rag on a pole at Marchena, some hundred miles to the northwest. Going ashore, the captain found the bodies. Later, photographs were made, the visual images I carried approaching our first landfall in the Galápagos.

At Post Office Bay we went through the ritual of leaving a pocket of letters in the barrel and taking out some to mail that had been left by a Tahiti-bound yacht several weeks before, but I could not shake a sense of malevolence. If it is possible for an island to be accursed, Floreana qualifies—and its dire history goes on. Not long before our arrival a woman visitor walking with a group at Post Office Bay failed to return with the others when the boat

was ready to leave and was never seen again. "Captured by the Baroness, who is not dead but lurks in a cave," explained Carl Angermeyer with mock seriousness on our return to Academy Bay. And before *Sans Terre* had even arrived at the Panama Canal there was another mysterious disappearance. An Ecuadorian vanished while hunting in the uplands. No one knows more than that his donkey came down to the shore with water bottles still tied to the saddle, a sure advertisement of death in the Galápagos.

On our departure, the Island of Love was shrouded by unseasonal *garúa* mists as it lowered into the sea. We were happy to drop anchor behind Point Suarez, on Hood Island 50 miles eastward, back among the sea lions and the birds. Hood is the sole nesting site of the majestic waved albatross, which roams the vast and lonely southern oceans on wings spanning eight feet but always finds its way back to the same infinitesimal dot on the chart. White boobies—to me the most beautiful and graceful of all the seabirds—watched curiously as we picked up barnacles torn loose by surf and tossed to the elevated nesting plateau. As I held giant shells in two cupped hands I was able to understand for the first time accounts in old logbooks of ancient wooden ships remaining trapped in areas of light winds until they sank under their crews: barnacles as large as these growing in clusters on a hull would reduce the smartest sailer to a sluggish hulk, while the tereos—voracious shipworms—bored through the planking from below.

When it looked as if *Sans Terre* might be trapped, too—we had had many hours of anxiety over the uncertainties of getting fuel—the Ecuadorian navy came to the rescue. We arrived in Academy Bay to find a supply ship that could replenish us. Nuzzling against her iron flank, we were efficiently given a transfusion of 500 gallons of diesel fuel. Astern lay 17 anchorages on 12 islands, each different within the framework of the whole. We had cruised 661 miles in five weeks. Only three times had we met humans ashore. As we rounded the last point of Isla San Cristóbal and set course for the Panama Canal, steaks were still in the deepfreeze and a cake was baking in the oven. The booby birds followed us a long way.

END

# FLIFFISES AND GAZIP-GAZAPS

To say nothing of baby trifflises and kabooms. These are all stunts performed on the trampoline or, more accurately, off it. Sound like fun? Ask Miss America or Scott Carpenter **by HERMAN WEISKOPF**



TRAMPOLINE INVENTOR GEORGE HISSIN TEACHES RENTED KANGAROO HOW TO BOUNCE

**H**ow trampolinists remain up in the air, even when their feet are on the ground, is supposed to be part of the deep dark mystique of their subculture. They have been called "introverted extroverts," "airborne eccentrics," "a different breed who don't like stereotyped activity."

Forget it. Trampolinists are the way they are because they somehow draw their personalities from the trampoline itself, and even when they are off it they have more bounce to the ounce than members of any other subculture going.

Try to settle an issue with a "tramp" by saying you'll flip him for it, and before you can say heads or tails he will have literally flipped himself, having done a standing somersault. This kind of attitude also prompted a bunch of tramps to ride the escalators at Neiman-Marcus—while doing handstands.

"The trampoline brings out our real personalities," says former world champion Wayne Miller. "Trampolinists are different. We were in a gym once where the ceiling was too low for us to perform. So guys bounced up, did flips and pushed the ceiling tiles out with their feet. Another time we put on a clinic on a stage where a drape almost cut off the view of the audience when you got to the top of your bounce. I rigged things up with another guy and hung a rope behind the drape. When I went up high, I grabbed the rope and he pulled me up until I disappeared from sight."

It takes between 3.0 and 3.2 seconds for a tramp to go 20 feet up and 20 feet down—a period he refers to with a measure of poetic and temporal license as "four seconds of freedom." During that time he performs twists, turns and flips that are often so quick the eye cannot follow them. Even when he names the moves he has just executed, it is sometimes too much for the ear to follow. To wit: "I started with a triple twisting back, then an Arabian front, a fliffis, a

baby trifles, a Barani, a Randy, a Rudolph, an Adolph, a half-in half-out, a kaboom and a gaze-gasp."

If it sounds as though trampolinists live close to ecstasy, that's fine with George Nissen, the inventor of the sport, for that is how he envisioned it from the outset. Nissen built his first trampoline in 1937 after graduating from the University of Iowa, where he was a three-time NCAA tumbling champion and an All-America diver. The first trampoline was a crude affair made out of slit-up innertubes, a canvas center and heavy ropes, but when Nissen took it to a YMCA summer camp, the kids became so captivated by it that they stopped swimming and began bouncing.

Even a beginner can enjoy trampolining because it has what Nissen calls "a low threshold of learning" that substantiates his Aw. Phooey Theory. This is another way of saying that anyone can quickly learn to bounce. And one doesn't have to, as Nissen puts it. "try to get on some difficult piece of equipment, fall off repeatedly and say, 'Aw, phooey!'" To demonstrate how easy it is—and to get some publicity—Nissen once rented a kangaroo for \$150 a day and taught it how to bounce. It set him back \$450. (Nissen could have rented another kangaroo for \$50 a day, but the owner said that one might punch him.)

Still, accidents happen, and in Germany last year five trampolinists were killed. In 1963, shortly after setting a world record of 16' 8" in the pole vault, Brian Sternberg landed improperly on a trampoline and was paralyzed from the neck down. Most injuries come from what the AMA calls "acute flexion of the cervical spine" caused by landing on the head or back of the neck.

Two rules of the sport are that you must always have spotters—people who stand on or near the trampoline to prevent participants from bouncing off—and that you must always wear a safety belt when learning a new trick.

Some aspiring tramps never get out of the belt. This is because they lack a good kinesthetic sense—which tells a trampolinist where he is no matter how many twists and turns he has made.

A trampolinist's biggest fear is that of "getting lost" in the air. It rarely happens. What does happen now and then is that he will "perceive too much"—

things like windows, the color of the walls, blondes, brunettes.

Nissen got his idea for the trampoline from circus and vaudeville acts in which performers rebounded off nets or mattresses. One of the most prominent was the comedian Joe E. Brown. In 1906 he had an act in which he would jump off one platform, bounce off a trampoline-like surface and land on the shoulders of his partner. In the 1920s Brown got lots of laughs by falling off the stage into the orchestra pit, only to land on his rebounding surface and bounce back on stage.

The trade name trampoline comes from the Spanish word for diving board—*trampolin*—and it is a name that has suffered much abuse. During the early years Nissen did all he could to embed his trademark in the public mind. Recalls Nissen: "People asked, 'How's the bouncing rig?' and I'd say, 'It's a trampoline. Trampoline. Trampoline.'"

Once he showed up at a rodeo, where he was to perform, and when people saw the trampoline lashed to the roof of his car they yelled, "Here's the fella with the starting gate." Then there was the time, after a long search for his trampoline in a freight office, that Nissen spotted it and then learned the reason no one else had was because "they all thought it was a cow stanchion."

Throughout the late '30s and early '40s people began hearing about the trampoline as Nissen put on 300 to 400 shows a year, mostly at school assemblies. While in the Navy in World War II he sold some top brass on using trampolines to help pilots with space orientation. Nissen himself wound up at St. Mary's (Calif.) Preflight School in charge of such a program, and it was there that trampolining was born as a sport.

After the war Nissen and his trampoline went to Europe, where he got a hard time from border guards when he tried to cross into Communist countries with a word-looking, folded-up apparatus on top of his car. Nissen would explain that it was a trampoline. The guards would consult their dictionaries. "There is no such thing as a trampoline," they would tell him. Nissen would try sign language, pantomime. Before long the guards would decide that anyone foolish enough to risk playing with that silly-looking gizmo was harmless, and they

would wave him across. Such fun and games are past. "They know what a trampoline is now," says Nissen, "and they just smile and wave us on."

There will probably always be those who can't resist asking if the trampoline is used for training elevator operators. And for those who feel they must ask Nissen if he is bothered by all the ups and downs in his business, he replies, "No, it's only the jerks that bother me."

In the late 1950s there was a hula-hoop type of fad for trampolining that left the countryside dotted with jumping centers. Mom, Pop and the kids would stop at these centers, and by the time they left many needed medical care. Even nimble teen-agers learned that they were in for a hard landing when they found themselves in midair with a hamburger in one hand, a Coke in the other and their feet pointing skyward. Now, when Nissen wished people would forget his trademark, it seemed that it was all they could think of when they decided to sue. He has since virtually abandoned the trademark. Indeed, in 1959 the name of the sport was officially changed from trampolining to rebound tumbling. There is no record of the first intercollegiate match, but NCAA and AAU championships began in 1948 and the world championships in 1964.

Surprisingly, the Russians credit Nissen with inventing the sport. They do, however, claim to have devised an offshoot in which two contestants try to put a ball through a horizontal, basketball-type net suspended above the trampoline surface. Nissen, who devised this sport in 1958, calls it spaceball, the Soviets cosmoball.

Astronaut Scott Carpenter was one of Nissen's pupils at St. Mary's, and shortly before he took off in Aurora 7 he asked Nissen for a trampoline to aid him in space orientation. Other astronauts have used trampolines in their training and so did Cosmonaut Aleksi Archipovich Leonov, the first man to walk in space.

"When bouncing on a trampoline," says Nissen, "there is an instant of weightlessness at the very top of the bounce. When you bounce up, you're a free body, which means you rotate around your own center of gravity. It's the next thing to actually being out in space."

continued

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## TRAMPOLINE *continued*

Fittingly, the U.S. has dominated the sport, having won all five men's and women's individual world championships. In synchronized competition, in which two tramps bounce simultaneously, the U.S. has won two of four men's titles, two of three women's. But the Europeans are improving rapidly, and U.S. dominance could be nearing an end.

Five-time world champion Judy Mills has dropped out, but Wayne Miller is back after some harrowing experiences. In 1966 Miller, then a sophomore at Michigan, won all four big trampoline competitions: AAU, NCAA, world and the international Schuster Cup. Then Miller's high life had a comedown.

"In '67 I tore tendons in my ankle," he says. "I needed a motorized wheelchair to get around campus, and I did all right until I got stuck in a snow bank. Because I couldn't compete, I became depressed. My weight went up, so I took diet pills. But I had no real purpose. I was meandering through life. I kept on popping pills. I took 10, 20 a day. People tell me about things I did, but a lot of them I don't remember. I was speeding through life. I invested in a bar and helped run it. That did me no good. Things got worse."

In April 1968 Miller was arrested for forging a prescription in his home town of Lafayette, La., where he had gone after dropping out of school.

"I went to a shrink," Miller says. "He wanted me to get off pills gradually. I said no, that I wanted to stop right then. On Aug. 15, 1968 I quit pills. I haven't had one since. Now I'm docile."

Off pills, Miller zoomed from 125 pounds to 197 within six months. "I became the fat boy, the funny boy, the joker, the jolly," he says.

In 1969 Miller returned to Michigan and got his weight down to a normal 150. "The first time I competed was at the Midwest Open last December," he says. "That was the first time most people in the sport had seen me since my troubles. It was exhilarating to find out they were pulling for me. I won. I cried."

A few weeks later, following his graduation from Michigan, Miller returned to Lafayette and began work on his master's in physical education at the University of Southwestern Louisiana. He also sought the help of Jeff Hennessy, the coach who has made U.S. a trampoline power and who coached him to two senior men's AAU titles while he

was in high school. The new, docile Wayne Miller is now soaring as high as anyone in the sport—he gets 20 feet up—and has a good chance to win another world title on June 19 in Bern, Switzerland.

Another highly proficient trampolinist from Southwestern Louisiana is Jim Yongue (pronounced young). He has never won a major title, but his talent was so exceptional that everyone knew he would before long. At least that was the opinion until last Oct. 15, when he was accidentally shot in the head by his roommate while practicing quick-draw.

The bullet went in over his left eye and lodged in his brain near his left ear. "When they operated on Jimmy they removed a portion of his brain the size of a silver dollar and about twice the thickness," says Hennessy. "Five days after surgery, though, he was out of intensive care, and 12 days after that he was watching us work out. Less than two months after the accident he was working out himself. In the middle of December we put on a show at the half-time of our first home basketball game. Nobody knew Jimmy would be jumping. There was nothing but a thin layer of skin over the wound, but his doctor and father felt it would be O.K. for him to perform. I always do the announcing at these programs but when Jimmy got out there I couldn't think of a thing to say."

Yongue, who now has a steel plate in his head, attends special classes in New Orleans, where he is relearning how to read.

Still another typical trampolinist is Billy Popowenko, who is of Ukrainian descent, grew up in Australia and is now a freshman at the University of Hawaii. "I'm terribly fidgety," he says. "I can't sit still to do things like playing cards. When I visit someone, it's usually quick: open the door, say 'Hi,' say 'Bye,' close the door."

One of the few times Popowenko sits still is when he is figuring out a new bounce routine. To do this he jots down 10 tricks and their degrees of difficulty as he envisions the flight pattern of each. "You try to get a rhythm, a flow from one trick to the next," Billy says.

Trampolinists are allowed all the bounces they need to get ready, then between 10 and 12 after they have done their first trick. When they have begun their routine, each bounce must be followed by another trick. Four judges score

*continued*

# TWINKLE TWINKLE, LITTLE CAR.

Chevrolet's upcoming little car was named after a star.

No ordinary run-of-the-Milky-Way star, mind you.

Vega. Star of the first magnitude. Brightest in the constellation Lyra.

Which gives our car a lot to live up to. Fine.

Consider the name a commitment.

## **Bright. But not flashy.**

True, Vega is going to look great.

True, it will come in 10 shiny acrylic lacquer colors including bright yellow.

But where it's really going to shine is where it doesn't even show. In the chassis, the body, the engine, the brakes, the suspension, the nuts, the bolts.

We built Vega from scratch.

Everything was designed for this car and this car alone.

And it all comes together on the most highly automated precision production line in the world, at our plant near Lordstown, Ohio.

What we're saying is, Vega is going to be an exceptionally well-built little car.

It is going to be a joy to own and drive. You'll see.

## **Solid. But not square.**

We don't buy the idea that an inexpensive, economical car automatically means dull driving.

Vega's 2300-cubic-centimeter overhead cam engine will make it move a lot more briskly than your average little car. Vega's disc/drum brake system will make it stop emphatically. Vega's 25.5-foot turning circle (curb to curb) will make it maneuver more nimbly than most.

We've been calling it "the little car that does everything well."

Well, we're not kidding.

## **The astronomy ends here.**

You'd figure a car with all that going for it would have an astronomical price, compared to ordinary little cars.

You figured wrong.

When it comes down to price, our star comes down to earth.

You'll be pleasantly surprised.



# Buy Goodyear for traction. they're on so



This illustration shows, in a wet-braking test, the car with the Custom Power Cushion Polyglas tires stopping almost two full car lengths shorter than the car with the conventional bias-ply tires.

# Polyglas tires

# You'll see why

# many 1970 cars.

You're looking at what happened in a wet-braking test. Goodyear tested the stopping ability of conventional two-ply Power Cushion tires against Custom Power Cushion Polyglas tires—the ones on many 1970 car models.

The two cars, identical except for the tires, were braked from 45 mph to 0 on a wet macadam track. The average stopping distance for the car with bias-ply tires was 226 feet. The car with the Polyglas tires had an average stopping distance of 194 feet.

So, the difference was 32 feet, almost two car lengths—and sometimes that can make *all* the difference.

#### **Less squirm means more stopping ability.**

The tread grooves of a conventional bias-ply tire (like those tested here) squirm and squeeze together as they meet the road, resulting in loss of traction. But in the Polyglas tire, the fiberglass belts which surround the strong polyester cord body hold the tread grooves open, resulting in less squirm, more traction and better stopping ability.

#### **Extra mileage, too.**

At our Texas Proving Grounds, Polyglas tires were run for 40 million test miles as engineers

kept improving their long-wearing qualities. And motorists have discovered their extra-mileage capability while rolling up billions of miles on cars all across the United States.

If you want to get the benefit of all this testing and experience, make sure you get Polyglas tires and nothing else. Look for the name on the sidewall and remember:

If it doesn't say Goodyear, it can't be Polyglas.

**"Polyglas"**  
**U.S. Reg. #859,703**



Polyglas is a registered Goodyear trademark.  
Only Goodyear makes Polyglas tires.

**GOODYEAR**

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But, after some men have had a clean, fresh, great smelling shave with our luxurious shave cream, they might forget to use our after shave.

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## TRAMPOLINE *continued*

the contestants on form, execution and degree of difficulty, as in diving. The most difficult trick is a Miller (named after Wayne Miller—it's a triple twisting double-back somersault).

Since the beginning, trampolining was a coed sport. Best of the girls is Judy Wills. Judy, also a two-time world tumbling titlist, was briefly coached by Hennessy while in high school and later by Herb Vogel at Southern Illinois. She is not defending her title this year because of a back injury and because she nearly sliced off a thumb while climbing a mountain near Denver.

Replacing her as AAU champion and winner of the world team tryouts is Renée Ramsen of Memphis, a perfect example of Nissen's "low threshold" concept. She is a 13-year-old seventh-grader, is five feet tall, weighs 107 pounds and could listen to Glen Campbell sing all day. Renée broke her ankle on the trampoline last year, but within a month was doing a full routine with a cast on her leg.

"Last year Renée wanted a horse," her father says, "and I told her that if she won the junior Olympic diving I'd buy her one. 'What if I finish second?' she wanted to know. 'Then you get a mule,' I said. She came in second, so I told her, 'Let's get your mule.' Then I took her out and showed her what I had bought: a golden palomino."

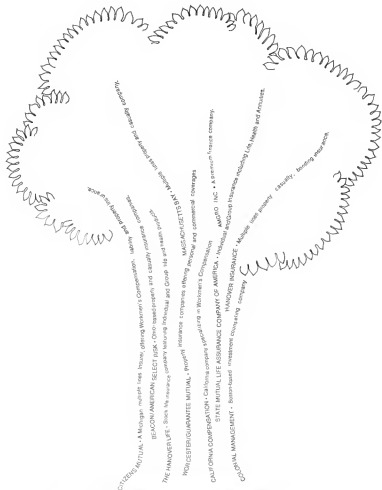
Renée might have been only second best this year if Judi Ford hadn't been named Miss America and been obliged to give up the sport because of her many commitments. Judi, now a sophomore at Illinois, was at Southwestern Louisiana last year and was second to Judy Wills in the AAU championships.

Recalls Hennessy, "At halftime of a basketball game two years ago our team put on a trampoline exhibition. More than 8,000 people were on hand, and when they saw Judi they went berserk. The local radio announcer, who was supposed to give the halftime statistics to his listeners, forgot about them, and the station had to fill in with music. The sports information director from our school was supposed to go to the team's dressing room, but decided to skip it. The concessionaire told me, 'I'm supposed to make my money at halftime, but nobody comes because they're watching that girl.'"

"Girls are hard workers," says Earle Duggan, coach of the all-girl Des Moines Dynamics. "I have one girl—Mary Mo-

*continued*





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I like  
Green Stripe  
best

**USHER'S GREEN STRIPE**  
Since 1853, the original light Scotch



#### TRAMPOLINE

Donald—who didn't have a day off from training in 27 months. My girls work out 25 hours a week and the weakest one can do 27 chin-ups."

No one knows more about the tribulations—financial and otherwise—of trampolining than Jeff Hennessy. He gets no salary for coaching trampoline and has often reached into his own pocket to pay bills incurred by the sport, no small feat for a man with a wife and three children. In any case, Hennessy is a man of deep sincerity, and there are those who feel that if it had not been for him, trampolining in this country might be extinct.

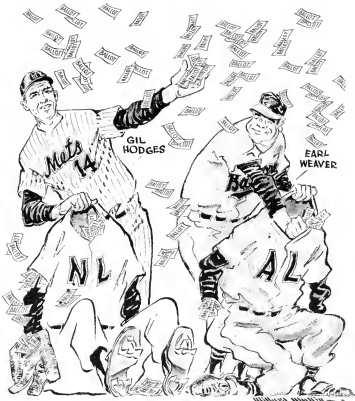
Five years ago the AAU gymnastics committee became disenchanted with trampolining. "But," says Vannie Edwards, coach at Southeastern Louisiana, "Jeff did a great job of selling the sport to them and got it back on the program."

Money has always been a problem. "I've got a bill for \$580 from our trip to the NCAAs," Hennessy said the other day, "and I have no idea how to pay it. Before the world championships one year I was \$900 short. I went to a bank and explained the situation. A bank official told me, 'Just sign a note for a \$900 loan, and I'll raise the money while you're away and it won't cost you a penny.'" When I got back he told me he hadn't had enough time yet, but that he had raised \$300 so far. Next day I picked up the newspaper and I knew I was in trouble—this guy had been arrested for embezzling \$240,000."

The cost of sending the U.S. team to Bern is \$7,000. It had been hoped that most of this amount would come from ticket sales at the final trials. Alas, only 300 people showed up. "I'm sick," Hennessy said as he scanned the empty seats. "It's too bad Judi Ford couldn't have been here."

Assorted fund-raising activities—selling emblems, program sales, little kids going from door to door asking for donations—brought the total take up to \$2,000. Still, a \$5,000 deficit isn't enough to keep Hennessy down. He called George Nissen, who said he had a little stem that might bring in some money: \$3,500 worth of yo-yos. Thus for the past month trampolinists have been poddling yo-yos. Even for "a different breed who don't like stereotyped activity," this has to be the most off-beat method ever devised for paying one's way to Switzerland.

END



## This year you elect the All-Stars

After thirteen years, selection of the All-Star teams has been returned to the fans by Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. (With an assist from the people at Gillette, who've sponsored Major League Baseball broadcasts for over 30 years.)

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major or minor-league ballpark. Deadline for voting is midnight, June 28, 1970.

**What happens to your ballot:** Ballots will be tabulated by computer, under the supervision of the Commissioner of Baseball.

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Gillette participation in the official balloting for the 1970 All-Star Game is by authority and under the supervision of Major League Baseball, Bowie Kuhn, Commissioner. If your store is out of ballots send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Baseball Commissioner, All-Star Election HQ, Box 1970, Rosemount, Minn. 55068

"He loves the game and has a peculiar interest in statistics," says Owner **Bob Short** of the new man in the Senators' front office. The characteristics sound like those of any baseball nut, but apparently **David Eisenhower** possesses them in staggering abundance and so was invited to put them to use this summer compiling the Senators' daily statistics, keeping records on farm team players and writing press releases. It's a 9-to-5 deal, plus night work and traveling. Eisenhower's salary has not been disclosed but, as he says, "I would have taken this job for nothing."

◆ "Even when the pitcher is standing around hanging on to the ball, I find that exciting," says **Maurice Kaplow**, conductor for the *Pennsylvania Ballet* and former member of the *Philadelphia Orchestra*. A 6', 190-pound "frustrated athlete," Kaplow was explaining how he happened to bid \$130 at a theater benefit for 10 minutes of batting practice with the *Philadelphia Phillies*. He grew up in Cleveland, playing the violin and juggling allegiances to the Indians and *Jackie Hefetz*. "I'd sneak out and play the outfield sometimes," he says. "My father, who was a fiddler, too, used to check my fingers, but he never said anything." So after all these years

is Kaplow looking like a *Babe Ruth* *Moose*? Well, says **Phillie Coach Doc Edwards**, who pitched during Kaplow's batting practice stint. "The man has a great personality."

Until last week **Buddy Blumner**, the *Kansas City Royals* broadcaster, had missed only one game broadcast in more than 20 years, but now he's missed another. The first was last summer when one of his daughters was married, and the second was last week for another daughter, another wedding. Debbie stands just under 6 feet and plays center for the University of *Kansas* women's basketball team. Bridegroom **Doug Knop** has won three straight Big Eight discus titles for *Kansas*. "Whenever and wherever he wants to get married is all right with me," Blumner told the *Royals*. "When someone who is 6'2", weighs 260 pounds and has a 19-inch neck asks for anything, he gets it."

**Edward Heath**, Britain's leader of the Opposition, is a serious sailor (SI, Aug. 18), and there was a speculative stir in Fleet Street when the 53-year-old bachelor included Miss Jean McKee, herself a real sailing buff, in his crew for a 50-mile outing in his yacht *Morning Cloud*. Miss McKee was just go-



ing to help out with the cooking—so it wasn't her fault the *Morning Cloud* ran aground.

The well-known bank director **Casey Stengel**, who unaccountably was not invited to that businessman's dinner at the White House, had this to say recently about the state of the nation's economy: "You see," he explained, "gold used to be the thing. They had it in Kentucky. Now it's all over the world, it's international, and they'd like to get it back. It's a serious thing. Some people think money's in the ground now, though—that stuff they call oil—but it isn't, see. The gold's over there, and we got to catch it on the way back. Then we'd get it down and everybody could come in and borrow money and I'd like it better. It's all so simple. What we got to do is catch the gold on the way back."

Five fathers were selected as fathers of the year this, the 35th time around—**Frank Borman**, the Reverend **Leon H. Sullivan** of Philadelphia's Zion Baptist Church, **Bonnie Kuhn**, **Jack Nicklaus** and **Joe Garagiola**. At the awards luncheon Garagiola observed of his baseball career, "It's not a record, but being traded four times when there are

only eight teams in the league tells you something. I thought I was modeling uniforms for the National League." Perhaps that is what made Joe so clothes-conscious—he was natively clad in a brown blazer and plaid slacks designed by Hardy Amies, who is somewhat better known as a designer to Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth.

◆ "Tennis and a bit of swimming are my summer sports," **Peggy Fleming** reports. "I've just had a few tennis lessons, four or five years ago. My fiancé plays about the same way I do." She and fiancé Greg Jenkins will be married next week, and if pottering about the court is all their tennis amounts to it's O.K. with Peggy. "The main thing is just to get out in the fresh air," she says. "A skater is indoors all the time on that artificial ice. We never even get a sunbat—maybe that's why skaters don't look much like athletes at all."

"Old shotputters never die," says **Otis Chandler**, "they only get weak." It is true that the 42-year-old publisher of the *Los Angeles Times* had just heaved the 16-pound shot 46'7½", a distance somewhat short of his 57'4½" best in 1930. On the other hand, that 1930 throw was an NCAA record for a mere 10 minutes. This year's toss is finishing up its second week as a national seniors record, and so is Chandler's 130'10½" discus throw that bettered **Forrest Gordien**'s year-old mark by almost three feet. Competing for the best time in 19 years, Chandler showed up 10 pounds under his best competitive weight of 230 and could not even recall when he had last put the shot, but he was heartened. "I'll give it a try again at the Coliseum," he said, "and if all goes well I'll enter the U.S. Masters in San Diego." He has set himself a goal of 50' for the shot and is even considering practicing



**"The third day there,  
I managed to lose our money.  
The worst part was having  
to tell Billy we were going home  
a week early."**



**I**T WAS something the Lennons had been looking forward to for a whole year — their first camping trip with Billy.

It never occurred to Billy's dad to carry American Express Travelers Cheques instead of cash. Losing

money was something other people did.

So, of course, he went and lost his bankroll — \$250 — and had to cut their vacation short.

It didn't have to happen.

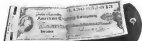
If Billy's dad had lost American Express Travelers Cheques instead of cash, he could have gone to the local American Express office or representative — we're all over the U.S. — and got his missing Cheques replaced. One vacation rescued.

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friends  
do.



*Hand Blended in Holland*

**BASEBALL** / Harold Peterson

## R. Jackson, meet R. Jackson

R. JACKSON, OAKLAND (bats left, throws left), is a utility man hitting .199. By coincidence, there was an R. Jackson who rapped out 47 home runs for Oakland last year. Reggie Jackson also had great speed, an arm, good fielding and wide popularity, not just for his ability but also for his personality. This year's R. Jackson mostly has had an invitation to a steak fry on Owner Charlie O. Finley's farm (which he rejected), wife trouble, the fans on his back and a \$47,000 contract, which he has been invited to take with him down to Des Moines. R. Jackson at first rejected that offer, too. Profanely.

Cards and letters have been coming in, asking if the two Jacksons are related. The surprising answer is, in one word: yes. In fact, some very good clues identify them as One and the Same.

For an instance, ever since Finley decreed that Jackson be sat down against left-handed pitchers, opposing managers have jugged rotations so that the A's see nothing but left-handers. Finley may not want Jackson in the lineup, but managers whose teams have to face him want him in it even less. Besides, last year's superstar has not wilted all that thoroughly. He does have eight home runs and 10 stolen bases, and against Chicago he was on base eight times in 15 at bats. Five were walks, which only indicates that pitchers would rather see him on first than at home. He still has impossibly long drives in practice.

At least as significantly, Jackson seems to have put aside the bitterness clouding his sunny, nice-guy nature. He accepts demeaning roles as pinch runner and defensive replacement without glowering, and he has even pitched batting practice, where he showed a pretty good curve. He flew to Tempe, Ariz. when his briefly separated wife contracted hepatitis, and now he is hinting that he could change his mind about going to the minors. "I'm trying, really trying," Jackson says. "Maybe too hard. But the slump has made me a better person. You learn to be a man all over again."

The players are on Jackson's side. When Finley threatened to send him

down, there was a spontaneous gathering round Jackson in the clubhouse. "He's not dogging it," says one player. "and he has a sense of humor. He's dying inside, but do you know what he did when we left Anaheim? He went around offering to take care of the luggage. He saluted for an imaginary tip, just like a rodeo. I had to laugh. It was kinda funny, you know. I mean he didn't sulk or quit."

## THE WEEK

**AL WEST** MINNESOTA pitchers have been seeking out the batting cage for extra practice. Lun Tiant, notably, got three hits, drove in three runs, scored two runs and raised his batting average to .435 in the Twins' 11-2 victory over Milwaukee. He, Jim Perry, Jim Kaat and Dave Boswell batted in nine runs and scored 14, one of them a winning run, coming when Kaat reached home from first on a single. Their hitting may be in apology for having only eight complete games this far. Boswell, in fact, at 2-3 with a 7.17 ERA, was not apologizing so much as castigating himself. "I could make excuse after excuse, and maybe the public would buy it, and some of my teammates, too," he said. "But I am cheating myself, because I am not extending. I worked four or five years to get this job, and it only takes eight or nine games to lose it. If they think the bullpen will be beneficial, to the bullpen I will go. I'm a team player." But the Twins are still hitting .282 as a team.

CALIFORNIA (page 28) took three mean losses. Recently arrived from Des Moines, OAKLAND Second Baseman Tony Larussa drove in both runs as the A's beat the Angels 2-0. Sore-shouldered Blue Moon Odum was hurting all over when he gave up no earned runs and lost on his 25th birthday, 2-1 against Cleveland, as Shortstop Bert Campaneris made two errors on routine chances.

Wally Bunker, 0-6, gave up three runs in the 12th inning against Washington to help spoil KANSAS CITY pitchers' ERA (which had been 2.25 in six games (five of them won by the Royals). But Moe Drabowsky gave

continued

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But you get premium motor oil, plus additives, plus the convenience of not having to add them.



GULF OIL COMPANY—U.S.

up only one run in four relief appearances after emerging from the hospital.

Holes were showing. The CHICAGO White Sox, losers of 10 of their last 12 games, visited a Red Sox team that had lost 12 of 16. The Pales succeeded in losing two more games, plus one helmet. Never very big gauge, the Sox docked Syd O'Brien \$17.50 when he cracked his batting helmet by slamming it down on the clubhouse runway. His teammates chipped in for a new one and the short-fused O'Brien took the old helmet out on the field and ceremoniously smashed it to pieces. MIAMI WALKER gave up 41 runs and lost four of six.

MINN 31-19 CAL 30-17 OAK 25-23  
KC 16-27 CHI 18-29 MIL 15-22

**AL EAST** Not long ago BALTIMORE's Earl Weaver complained, "We went into Kansas City and three straight days they knocked out our starters. I never saw anything like it" (When someone pointed out that the Orioles won all three games, Weaver said, "Yeah, we did, didn't we?"). Now he doesn't even have nonfinishing pitchers to worry about. Mike Cuellar and Jim Hardin threw four- and five-hit shutouts, and Dave McNally pitched a six-hit complete game as Baltimore won four straight before losing two at California. Tom Phoebus lost a six-hitter, but then he's been in on a winless two-hitter, a three-hitter and a four-hitter too. Until Paul Blair was beaned Sunday, starters were going almost too well. When Second Baseman Dave Johnson was sidelined, for instance, Chico Salomon came in and went 3 for 5, 2 for 3 and 4 for 5, fielding flawlessly. Johnson recovered quickly. "He was cured by Dr. Salomon," Frank Robinson said.

NEW YORK fell 7½ games behind Baltimore. The Yankees lost four out of six as the league's poorest long-ball-hitting team got only three home runs. Reliever Steve Hamilton lost twice, but Fritz Peterson won his seventh. Relief pitching and timely hitting carried WASHINGTON to its best week of the season. Fireman Darold Knowles picked up his first win and eighth save, and the Senators, after three weeks below .200 in team batting, finally bettered the mark with fewer than 10 hits in only two games. Washington is two games ahead of last year's pace, when the Senators made Ted Williams manager of the year by finishing over .500.

On two successive nights, DETROIT beat the Yankees on home runs in the bottom of the ninth, one by Bill Freehan and another by Willie Horton. Young Les Cain won a complete game, and rookie Dennis Saunders pitched his 10th inning of relief without a run. Boston Owner Tom Yawkey noted that the Red Sox had not had four back-to-back hits all season and said, "I can't fault a manager because guys don't

get runs." Lefty Sam McDowell halted a five-game CLEVELAND losing streak. He had earlier stopped two streaks of three games and one of four. McDowell has accounted for seven of the Tribe's 16 wins.

BALT 22-15 NY 22-22 WASH 22-24  
DET 21-23 MONT 20-28 CLEV 16-27

**NL WEST** Endlessly winning CINCINNATI was a loose and happy crew. "The manager gave me back because I got 'em out in the ninth inning with only six pitches," Reliever Wayne Granger reported. "He told me he put me in the game to give me some work." Sparky Anderson said he thought all four of his starters—Jim Merritt, Jim McGlothlin, Gary Nolan and Wayne Simpson—could win 20 games. As if the Reds weren't embarrassing the rest of the league enough, Tommy Helms started hitting. Exactly .187 the week before, Helms had a nine-for-21 streak. Luck, always a camp follower of winning sides, also entered. Cincinnati twice took off a bun and each time scored a game-winning run. When San Diego tried the same thing with runners on and none out in the bottom of the ninth, Ollie Brown hit into a double play.

"Maybe it's the letdown after getting the 3,000th hit," Henry Aaron said. He had achieved only four singles in his last 11 at bats. During Aaron's slump—only he could call it that—his batting average rose to .331. All-Star write-in candidate Rico Carty powered out three home runs for a total of 14 as red hot ATLANTA won its eighth game in 10 starts. His batting average stood at .436.

Willie Davis' average, meanwhile, rose from ridiculous to respectable, and suddenly the fast LOS ANGELES bottle batter was talking again. "I still think I can hit .400," Davis insisted. He also said, "I love this AstroTurf. High grass is for the birds." This was after the speed of Davis, Maury Wills and Manny Mota had chewed up the Cardinals on St. Louis' new carpet.

Little Leagues, move over. The SAN FRANCISCO Giants allowed the Dodgers 19 runs Tuesday after giving the Padres 17 runs the previous Saturday, then let Pittsburgh have 11. In the Pirate game they blew a 10-4 advantage but hung on to win 13-11. Crowds were Little League, too. Against arch-foe Los Angeles, the largest attendance was 7,876. The only bright spots were Giant batting averages: Ken Henderson was still hitting .340, Dick Dietz .333.

After losing seven of eight, HOUSTON could not get well even on its old cinder, the Mets. The Astros beat the Mets 10 out of 12 last year and they whopped them 5-0 Friday. Then they lost three. SAN DIEGO, which swept only one dou-

bleheader last year, nearly did it twice in five days against two division leaders. The Padres beat Cincy 3-1 and 4-1 but let Chicago up after leading 4-0 in a nightcap.

CHN 26-14 ATL 27-10 LA 26-20  
SF 24-28 HOUS 21-29 SD 22-31

**NL EAST** The CHICAGO Cubs won four out of six, lengthening their lead. Jim Hickman, blossoming as a steady longball hitter, pushed his average to .333. Shortstop Don Kessinger moved up to .309, and Ernie Banks got three hits—including his 501st career home run—in his first full day back since an injury. Normally steady Ron Santo, however, was rested for one game in favor of Paul Popovich. As least two writers strongly implied again that tie between Leo Durocher and his players—not to mention Phil Wrigley—were not so close that daylight could not be discerned between them. Durocher tongue-lashed the Cubs for voting 22-3 not to accept the owners' first proposal to the players' association, yet Wrigley had advised the players to "go along with the rest of the fellows. There's no reason to stick your necks out on my account." Informed of Durocher's polemic, Wrigley said mildly, "What do you want—a good manager or good taste?"

The NEW YORK Mets continued to draw like a 300-foot chimney. A Memorial Day crowd of 34,424 topped their previous 1970 major league high. They also straggled back over .500, beating both the Cardinals and Houston convincingly in three- and four-game series. Gary Gentry pitched a three-hitter, and Nolan Ryan struck out 11, but Tom Seaver absorbed his third straight defeat, despite striking out 10.

Although Bob Gibson won a second well-pitched ball game, reducing kibitzers' home remedies (the latest being that he suck two lemon drops in the fifth inning), St. Louis could not do anything else right. The Cardinals had lost the last seven games in which their starting pitcher was not named Gibson. They dropped two of three in a series in which the Mets did not bother to use Seaver, Kosman or Ryan. After the fire in their Philadelphia hotel, there was another in their New York lodgings. And their laundry came back drier than when they sent it.

PITTSBURGH lost a 14th game in which it outthrew its opponent. Sprinkle hitter Tony Taylor sprayed out four home runs as PHILADELPHIA won four out of six games in one stretch, even if Manager Frank Lucchesi did get an accidental punch in the eye in a bar and absconded only for a plane bound for Hamburg, Germany. MONTREAL lost five straight at home, then headed for Crosley Field and the Astrodom, in neither have the Expos ever won a game.

CHI 26-16 NY 26-23 PIT 23-26  
SF 21-28 PHIL 20-27 MONT 16-20



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## This king was truly the monarch

When bridge experts speak of the tyranny of the spade suit they are referring to the advantage in the bidding enjoyed by the side that holds the highest-ranking suit. Except for hands in which the opponents are able to bid no trump, they can compete against the spade holders only by climbing one level higher in the auction, and this extra trick is often fatal to the contract. For this reason, good bidders open on doubtful hands only when they can bid spades or when their spade holding is such that it is un-

likely the opponents can compete in the reigning suit.

'Twas not always thus. In the early form of bridge, which was the direct offspring of whist, spades was the lowest suit. Bridge introduced several novelties that gave the staid game of whist a not always welcome shot in the arm. One of these allowed the dealer's side to name the trump suit. If the dealer himself had a poor hand, he left it to his partner, and if that player had nothing much he named spades as trumps because tricks in spades counted only two points each—very little in lieu of the fact that it took 30 points to make game. The opponents could double—another new feature that shocked conservative whist players. Doubling increased the value of spades to only four points per trick, and even if the opponents made all 13 tricks they could score only 26 points, two less than that required for game.

If the dealer and his partner had good hands and wanted to play in spades, they named "royal spades," more fre-

quently called "lilies," which then became the highest-scoring suit.

In the memory of today's players, however, lilies have long been buried with simple honors, and in the bidding the spade suit now is always regnant. The monarch of spades—the king—also

*North dealer*

NORTH			
♠	A Q 9 3		
♥	K 5 3		
♦	K		
♣	A K J 9 8		
WEST			
♠	K J 7		
♥	10 9 8 7 4 2		
♦	7 6		
♣	5 4		
EAST			
♠	6 5 4		
♥	6		
♦	J 9 5 1 3 2		
♣	Q 6 2		
SOUTH			
♠	10 8 2		
♥	A Q J		
♦	A Q 10 8		
♣	10 7 3		
NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
(Officer)	(Referee)	(Arbitrator)	(Judge)
1♠	PASS	1♠	PASS
3♠	PASS	3♠	PASS
3 N 1	PASS	4 N 1	(All Pass)

*Opening lead: 10 of hearts*

# You've got a lot to live



proved his despotic power not in the bidding, but in the play of this hand from the team trials in San Francisco that decided the North American team for the 1966 world championship. In a way he arbitrarily determined two of the three pairs that made the team.

Eric Murray's jump rebid in spades showed a powerful hand, so Sam Kehela's response of two no trump was a deliberate underbid. He knew that Murray would not pass, and he planned to carry the bidding to a slam after giving Murray a further chance to show his distribution. When Murray rebid three no trump Kehela jumped to six—the same contract that was reached at every other table.

It was the last round of the trials. Both Murray-Kehela and Arthur Robinson-Robert Jordan were strongly in contention, and Kehela, as declarer, knew that a place on the team probably hinged on making the slam. He won the first trick with dummy's king of hearts, cashed the king of diamonds and ace of

clubs and then came to his hand with a heart to take a club finesse. East won with the queen and returned a club. Declarer cashed dummy's two remaining clubs, discarding spades from his hand, came back to his hand with the last heart and cashed the ace and queen of diamonds. The jack did not fall, and Kehela faced the problem of locating the monarch.

He had obtained an exact count on the opposing hands, East having shown out of hearts and West out of diamonds, declarer knew that West's last two cards were spades and East's were one spade and the jack of diamonds. The question was, which spade? If East had started with the king, the earlier play would have forced him to unguard it, so cashing dummy's ace would drop the king and the queen would win the slam-going trick. Conversely, if West held the king, a spade finesse would be needed to make the slam. Kehela guessed right; he took the finesse, and he and Murray made the team while the Philadelphia pair was eliminated.

In exactly the same situation at another table declarer George Rapée elected to pin his hopes on the squeeze, and he and partner Boris Koytchou were also eliminated. But perhaps the cruelest blow was suffered by contenders Dr. John Fisher and Jim Jacoby. They were defending the hand against declarer Sam Stayman, who, by nature, would ordinarily have preferred the squeeze to a simple finesse. But it happened that Stayman and partner Vic Mitchell were out of the running, and Sam didn't bother to give a thought to the possible squeeze. When the club finesse lost he tabled his cards and announced that he was banking his chances on the spade finesse. If Sam had been closer to landing a berth on the team, there's little doubt that Fisher-Jacoby would have made it.

Fortune-tellers call the ace of spades the death card, and everybody knows the queen of spades as the black lady. But at world-championship level, as you can imagine, there are not a few players who fear the power of the king. **END**

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## A contest among survivors

After the Jersey Derby turned out to be practically a rerun of the Preakness, the field for the Belmont started to shrink considerably

Having two fit and sound 3-year-olds to run in this week's Belmont Stakes is obviously better than having none, or even one. And that is the lovely position in which Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs and her trainer-son John find themselves after last week's Jersey Derby. Just as in the Preakness, the family's Personality won, and High Echelon closed swiftly to be fourth.

In winning his third \$100,000 race in six weeks Personality achieved the easiest of his six victories this season and unmistakably confirmed what John Jacobs had suggested following the Preakness: "He is improving from week to week, and he is still my pick for the Belmont, despite the distance." The Jersey Derby, at a mile and an eighth, was almost a picnic for Personality. When the eight runners went by the stands for the first time and into the clubhouse turn, Jockey Eddie Belmonte had him back in fifth position, while the sprinters Bold Day and Hagley alternated on the lead. They ticked off the first quarter in :23½, and the half mile in :46½. Silent

Screen and Corn Off The Cob made up the next group, and the former managed to take the lead in time to be clocked in 1:10½ for six furlongs and then 1:35½ for the mile. But once again Silent Screen showed that he is not up to winning beyond a mile against the best opposition.

As the field left the half-mile post, Jacobs watched Personality begin to move relentlessly on Silent Screen and a tiring Hagley. Later he said, "I thought he was the winner right then." He was right. Personality went to the outside, nailed Silent Screen on the eighth pole and drew out effortlessly to beat Corn Off The Cob by a length and a quarter in the excellent time of 1:48½. Silent Screen held on to take third over on-rushing High Echelon, while behind them came Son Excellence, More Princeby, Hagley and Bold Day.

The Jersey Derby eliminated Silent Screen, as well as the last four to finish, from Belmont Stakes consideration. Jockey Johnny Rotz said of Silent Screen, "They are just too strong for him in the last eighth." As for Corn Off

*continued*



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#### HORSE RACING continued

The Cob, Trainer Arnold Winick said, "The Belmont is a mile and a half over a plowed field. After today I'm taking myself and my horse back to Chicago as fast as I can."

If Personality does not win the Belmont for the Jacobses, will High Echelon? "The farther you go, the more he will like it," says John. But other horsemen believe that High Echelon will never again beat his stablemate at any distance and that he could be one of those colts who close like the wind every time they run but are never quite able to get the job done against top class. This year, in nine races, he has not won, finished third twice and fourth three times.

Who is there, then, to put the challenge to Personality? Well, My Dad George, for one. There is no way to knock him after a season in which he has danced every dance. Possibly the smartest thing Trainer Buddy McManus did after My Dad George was beaten only a neck by Personality in the Prekness was to give the colt a couple of weeks off to freshen up for the Belmont. His best chance—in fact, his only chance—in the Belmont would appear to be for Jockey Ray Broussard to keep him closer up during the early running. The Belmont, unlike the other stakes, is not so much a matter of speed but of careful judgment of pace. Naskra may give the Belmont a try, but he does not seem to be at his best at the moment. Delaware Chief, a speedy son of Chieftain, could be a supplementary nominee, but Chieftain was not a distance runner, and breeding is what counts in the Belmont. George Pope's Aggressively, inactive until last week after finishing third in the Santa Anita Derby in March, is racing again, and this son of Decededly has the advantage of being fresher than most. The same goes for Thomas Fleming Jr.'s Needles N Pens, who came from way back to beat Climber and Naskra at Belmont last week. Needles N Pens has a Belmont pedigree—he is by Kentucky Derby and Belmont winner Needles out of the Career Boy mare Running Free. If others attempt this week's 12 furlongs—such as Brookmeade Stable's Climber or Greentree's Liberty Card—they would lack the seasoning to put pressure on the best of the Derby and Prekness survivors. None of them should beat Personality. **END**

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A French-Canadian guide has made it possible for spin fishermen to cast flies. Weight of wire wrapped on hook shaft (above) permits casts—inartistic, perhaps, but quite effective

## Spin-cast flies—toothpaste tubes and wire

Last summer a French-Canadian guide named Emile Carrière took a client to a good fishing lake in Quebec and ran into unusually bad luck. He caught 17 trout and his client did not catch any. On their next trip Carrière's luck was even worse. He hauled in 22 trout. "Again my client caught none," said Carrière. "This is not good, for a guide to catch all the fish. I think I have to do something quick or I will not be a guide much longer."

What he did, very quickly, was improvise a fly that could be cast on his client's spinning gear. Carrière reasoned that on a clear day, in clear water, fish are afraid to come up. They stay deep, and it is necessary to send a fly down to them. Carrière is an expert flycaster who has been fly-fishing for most of his 48 years. The lake was about 30 feet deep, and Carrière was fishing the bottom, casting as far as he could, letting the fly go way down and then retrieving slowly. His client was a spin fisherman. He had to use plugs, spoons, wobblers and various lures that are imitations of grosser aquatic diet than flies.

With unlimited time Carrière might have been able to teach his client fly casting. But "no man is born an artist or

an angler," said Isaac Walton, and anyone who has ever struggled to shoot a recalcitrant line through the guides of a nine-foot rod will readily agree. One does not learn fly-fishing in a week or in a season, and certainly not in a single morning on a lake. Some fishermen never learn in a lifetime. That is one reason why spin fishing has become popular, not only with beginners and the impatient, but with those who, like Carrière's undemanding client, do not have much time to devote to their sport.

Carrière's first spinning fly was fashioned then and there on the shore of Lake Repose. He attached one of his own wet flies to a monofilament leader. This leader he fastened with swivels to a cut-down steel leader that he weighted and equipped with a spinner. The result was unconventional, but when his client cast it with his spinning gear Carrière's luck changed: his client caught a fish. Then he caught more. Carrière was still in business, but he was also starting a new career. For the next several months he experimented with leader-and-weight combinations, searching for the right link between fly and spinning tackle.

He first conferred with a friend in

Montreal who was trying to weight flies with strips cut from toothpaste tubes. (Weighted flies have been tried for a long time, with indifferent success.) The idea was right but the method and materials were wrong. Next Carrière tried adding small machine weights in front of the hook eye and at various intervals on fine wire leader. These carried the fly out but somehow did not fool enough fish. Then Carrière experimented with split shot, fastening it to the hook shaft before tying the fly. The result was a bulging, bunched-up body that would not tie evenly. Carrière also tried putting drops of hot soldering lead on the hook shafts. But because hooks are treated to prevent rust, each shaft had to be filed for the solder to adhere. The secret, he was convinced, was in weighting the hook, not the leader, but the weight had to be less bulky than shot and easier to apply than solder.

He did much of his experimenting in a small wooden shed at Gray Rocks Inn, St. Jovite in Quebec's Laurentian Mountains, where in winter he sells lift tickets at the ski slope. Carrière began work at Gray Rocks at the age of 10 as a caddie and grounds boy, and while he has been a shovel operator, construction

(continued)



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worker, road builder, contractor, carpenter and cook (as well as a hunting and fishing guide), he returned to Gray Rocks between these varied jobs. During the winter Carriere sat in his four-by-seven-foot shed with little to do, since most of the skiers at Gray Rocks are on special ski-week trips and have no reason to stop at the ticket booth.

"In that caboose there I had all the time in the world to think," Carriere said. "All winter I thought about ways to weight that fly for spinning. Every day I tried new ways. Every day I bring something else to the shed and I sit there and experiment. Something has to work, I tell myself. I bought up bits and pieces of everything. Finally I tried wire. The first wire I used was too thick. It made the body too big. But it wrapped on evenly. I went through all the stores in St. Jovite buying every kind of thin wire I could find. Then in one store I found a card of  $\frac{1}{32}$ " soldering wire. It was just what I had been looking for."

Carriere wrapped the wire around the shaft of the hook exactly as if he were wrapping it with silk. When it was completely wrapped, the hook was weighted uniformly and smoothly. He then tied his fly pattern exactly as he would on a hare hook.

Carriere's largest flies are tied on No. 3-0 hooks, which he recommends for salmon, bass, walleye, pike and gray and speckled trout. "I myself prefer the bigger hooks," he says. "Then you leave the little fish to grow up. It's a pleasure to let the small ones go by and to take the big ones only." For anglers who cannot be as selective as those who fish Quebec's abundant waters Carriere is also producing flies on hook sizes down to No. 4 for  $\frac{1}{2}$ - to one-pound fish. He will tie a No. 6 hook on request, but he considers the light line that such a small hook requires to be impractical for most fishing.

Currently he makes spinning flies in 12 standard patterns: Yellow Sally, Black Gnat, Mickey Finn, Green Ghost, Black and White, Parmachene Belle, Dark Montreal, Muddler Minnow, McGinty, Black Ghost, Grey Squirrel and Alaska Mary Ann. These are suitable for just about any fish or fishing conditions. He ties them either with a small wobbler or without, offering the choice of a fly with built-in action or one that must be worked by the angler. He sells his spinning flies for \$1.25 each or \$15 for a

card of the 12 patterns mentioned. The card comes with two leaders—one wire, one nylon—with spinning disks, swivels and snaps.

Most of Carriere's flies were tied in a small workshop beneath the restaurant, La Buche, he owned in St. Jovite. His wife Manetta did the cooking there and his daughters waited on tables. On a good day, when he was not disturbed and the restaurant business was slow, Carriere could turn out four or five dozen spinning flies at one sitting, first cutting the feathers, hair and furs for many flies of the same pattern. Carded chenille hung in multicolored rows above his worktable. Hundreds of hooks, swivels, snaps, weights and spinners filled neat trays of baby-food jars. Heavy hobbins of three-ply nylon (which he uses instead of conventional floss or silk) were pegged along one wall.

Carriere's workmanship is beautiful. His big, heavy-knuckled hands, contrasting with the delicate creations they produce, move swiftly over the vise. In minutes the bare hook is transformed into a brilliant and beautiful creature. He holds it up to the late afternoon light coming in through a transom, near the ceiling in his workshop. "That's what the fish sees," he says. "The fish, he's always looking up from the bottom. That's the way you want to look at a fly—the way a fish sees it."

Until recently Carriere's only sales outlet was his restaurant, and that was virtually no outlet at all. Route 11, which runs outside, is not exactly the Los Angeles Freeway. Nevertheless, almost every sale he has made to date has produced several more. Lately his mailbox has begun to bulge with reorders from skiers who bought his flies last winter and have now had a chance to use them. A few of his flies found their way to Aberroncombe & Finch and to Tom Kai Sporting Goods in Mahopac, N.Y. Both stores placed orders.

Business, in fact, has been so brisk that Carriere sold his restaurant the other day and is now thinking of training a force to tie spinning flies. "Not assembly line, with one person doing the same thing over and over," he says, "but individually, so each person's work can be appreciated. There's real pride in making a fly that looks good."

Obviously, Emile Carriere's spinning flies look good. Everywhere they have been used the fish have loved them. **END**

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GOLF / Dan Jenkins

## Lee Trevino, Fleas and all

A succession of high finishes, including two tour victories this year, has thrust the 1968 U.S. Open champion into the game's top rank

It was about two years ago that America discovered Lee Trevino, or perhaps it was the other way around. In either case, it was all for the good of professional golf. He popped up in 1968 with an almost adolescent relish for the game and swept across the horizon of the sport like the good smell of a whole kitchen simmering with chili and refritos. Trevino had lifted himself out of the ghetto of the municipal course gang-somes and became a U.S. Open champion, but a question remained as to whether he would last.

As do most things in golf, the answer came slowly. But it came. And the fact now is that the leader of Lee's Fleas not only has proved he has staying power, he has become a star of real magnitude, a man capable at times of rescuing the PGA tour from, shall we say, its occasional vapors of tedium.

Trevino's personality, his gabby, sometimes irreverent nature have partly obscured his accomplishments as a competitor. When he says, for example, "Black is beautiful but brown is cute," there are those who accept it as his major contribution of the week, dismissing the fine shots he may have played. The Fleas may be aware of what he has done in the 2½ years that he has been on the tour full time, but the chances are most golf enthusiasts have not taken the time to add it up.

Well, it is quite something. And there is strong evidence that Trevino has brashly played his way into the elite society of tournament golf, that he stands very securely these days up there with the Billy Caspers, Jack Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer and Gary Players.

It just so happens that only one player, Casper, has won more tournaments and more money than Trevino in the 30 or so months that Lee has been out there. Granted, Casper chose this period to become our dominant player by

the length of a straightaway par 5, winning 11 tournaments and more than \$430,000. But Trevino has captured six tournaments, starting with the '68 U.S. Open, and he has banked \$370,000 in prize money. Considering where he started from in life, that is several equivalents of the Grand Slam. Nicklaus is the only other golfer who has come close to Lee. Jack, too, has won six tournaments, but he trails Trevino in money over this span, and everyone else is behind in both categories.

Since winning the U.S. Open at Rochester in what was then regarded as a catastrophe on the order of Jack Fleck or Sam Parks, Trevino has added victories in the Hawaiian Open, the Tucson Open (twice), the World Cup and the National Airlines in Miami. And overall he has come awfully close to some others, having finished second five times and third seven times. Twice he practically had to invent ways to lose. On one occasion, the Alcan last year, Tre-

*continued*



TREVINO ENJOYS A LAUGH AT COLONIAL

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For example: roominess depends on size-of-family needs. The extent of your coverage is a close parallel. Maneuverability suggests flexibility. Safety speaks for itself.

We've put these life insurance needs into a checklist to help you answer that age-old question, how

much life insurance is enough?

The list:

**Cash.** Readjustment, Education, Family, Wife, Retirement.

**Cash.** Immediate cash. For medical costs, burial, debts, mortgage.

**Readjustment.** To buy time for your wife to make decisions: to move, to take a job, or not.

**Education.** The cost of college today averages \$2,000 a year. Even scholarships seldom supply that. Set a figure.

**Family.** While the children are still dependent, your family will probably need at least 60% of your present monthly income. How much beyond what Social Security pays will it take to make up the amount they need?

**Wife.** Your wife will probably

need at least 40% of your income after the kids are grown. You'll want enough so she can continue to live in her familiar world.

**Retirement.** For you and your wife. Figure this as 60% of your income. Add up all you can expect from other sources, including Social Security. How much of the 60% is still unprovided for?

That's our checklist. When you put it all together you'll have a better idea of where you stand. If you want a few more details, so you can talk with your agent more knowledgeably, write for our booklet "How Much Life Insurance Is Enough?"

### **Institute of Life Insurance**

277 Park Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Central source of information about life insurance

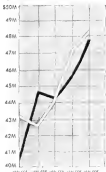
# Why you'll probably be within two years. And kicking

We're going to quote you some figures you probably know too well already.

The average cost of a prime-time network television minute is now \$47,900.

A single four-color bleed page in the national edition of Reader's Digest magazine: \$58,275. In Life magazine: \$73,830. In McCall's magazine: \$45,900.

**TV network time and magazine space, 1966-1970.**



**TELEVISION.** Cost of one commercial minute on the average network program, Mon-Sun, 7-10 to 11 PM.

**MAGAZINES.** Average one-time cost of a color bleed page in Life, Reader's Digest, Time, Newsweek, McCall's, Better Homes & Gardens, and Ladies' Home Journal magazines.

That's what you pay for reaching those you have to reach. But that's not all you pay. As you also know very well, production costs haven't been standing still either.

Seven years ago, you could produce a nice little minute TV spot for around ten thousand dollars.

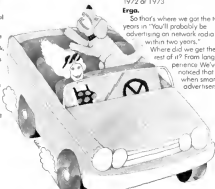
These days, you're lucky to get away for double that.

## The special cost of anything special.

Remember that man who used to come flying down into the driver's seat of a moving car at the end of Hertz commercials?

You probably do. It was a memorable, effective ten seconds of film.

In 1965 — 1965, mind you — those ten seconds cost nearly \$30,000 to produce.



## State of the economy today.

All by themselves, of course, these price hikes aren't necessarily bad. Nobody would mind very much if they went hand in hand with boosted revenues.

Unfortunately, they're not doing that right now.



We seem to be going through what you might call an inflated recession. Or a recessive inflation. Prices are going up. But a lot of profit margins are going down.

Advertising costs are going up. But a lot of advertising budgets are being trimmed.

If your ad money hasn't been cut this year, you're lucky.

## State of the economy tomorrow.

How much longer can declining sales and inflated prices go on?

Who knows? Some economists see signs of improvement already. Others don't.

But even if a definite upward trend showed itself tomorrow, most experts agree that economic convalescence could take until 1972 or 1973.

## Ergo.

So that's where we got the two years in "You'll probably be advertising on network radio within two years."

Where did we get the rest of it? From long experience. We've noticed that when smart advertisers

have to stretch budgets, they often investigate network radio.

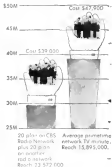
And network radio, properly investigated, becomes awfully hard to resist.

## Just one example:

Did you know that a 20-plan (20 one-minute spots artfully distributed throughout the day and week) on the CBS Radio Network, plus a similar plan on another radio network, will reach up to 48% more adults than the average one-minute prime-time network TV commercial?

Most people don't know that. Those who do tend to keep it to themselves.

Not only will you reach 48% more people on network radio, you'll be talking to them on average of three times each per week. And your cost will be 39% lower, 19% lower.



## Who does use network radio?

GENERAL MOTORS  
BRISQOL-WYERS  
GENERAL FOODS  
COLGATE PALMOLIVE  
R J REYNOLDS  
AMERICAN HOME  
FORD  
STERLING DRUG  
PHILIP MORRIS  
DUPONT  
ETC.

# advertising on network radio yourself for not doing it earlier.

That's network radio compared with a primetime TV minute. Now what about network radio and daytime TV?

Where do you think a "Housewife 10 Plan" (10 one-minute spots a week directed to the housewife audience) on the CBS Radio Network, plus a similar plan on another network, would rank within a list of daytime TV's Top 10 programs among women 18 and over?

It would rank first.

And the cost-per-thousand adult women impressions would be 32% lower than the average program in network TV's daytime Top 10.

Your wife can listen to the radio while she does laundry, peels the onions, changes the baby, washes the windows, paints the cupboard you promised to paint, sets her hair, dyes her shoes, drives to the supermarket.

Let her try it while watching TV or reading a magazine.



**While we're comparing, let's compare network radio with magazines.**

The average cost for a four-color bleed page in representative magazines of national stature is \$48,000.

For the same money, you could be on the CBS Radio Network's *Walter Cronkite Reporting*, for example, every day, Monday through Friday, for nearly two and a half months, and make 78 million adult listener impressions.

If your eyes weren't glazing over just about now, we'd toss out a few more figures showing that network radio is the most efficient way to advertise nationally.

**Some familiar voices on network radio.**



**Quality as well as quantity.**

But about this point, somebody usually asks something like this:

"Network radio may be efficient, but how effective is each spot? How much of an impression can you make without pictures?"

There's no single answer to that. No single honest answer, anyway.

It's a lot easier to do ads and commercials when you can use pictures. So, for a long time, creative people in agencies weren't stretching their imaginations the extra bit needed to do good radio.

But that's changed now. Maybe because of the growing power of radio.

Today, some of the best minds of some of the leading advertising agencies spend a lot of time on radio.



**You may have heard this famous Stan Freberg radio commercial about radio commercials. It speaks for itself.**

FIRST VOICE	Why should I advertise on radio? There's not much, is there? No pictures.
SECOND VOICE	Listen, you can do things on radio you couldn't possibly do on TV.
FIRST VOICE	That'll be the day.
SECOND VOICE	All right. Watch this. OK, people, now when I give you the cue, I want the 700-foot mountain of whipped cream to roll into Lake Michigan, which has been drained and filled with hot chocolate. Then the Royal Canadian Air Force will fly overhead raining a million maraschino cherries, which will be dropped into the whipped cream to the cheering of 25,000 extras.
	All right. Cue the mountain.
SOUND EFFECTS	(BOULDER ROLLING SOUNDS)
SECOND VOICE	Cue the Air Force.
SOUND EFFECTS	16 THOUSAND PLANE ROARS
SECOND VOICE	Cue the maraschino cherries.
SOUND EFFECTS	PIPP
SECOND VOICE	OK. 25,000 cheering extras.
SOUND EFFECTS	25,000 CHEERING EXTRAS!
SECOND VOICE	Now, you want to try that on television?
FIRST VOICE	Well,
SECOND VOICE	You see, radio is a very special medium because it stretches the imagination.

They're finding that the absence of pictures doesn't have to hamper you. It can liberate you.

And they've come up with some of the most effective ads you've ever heard. Or seen.

**One more word about the effectiveness of radio.**

A good number of current television advertisers grew big enough to use television in a big way by using radio in a big way. We'll send you a condensed list on request.

In short, there are few real limits.

The power and persuasiveness of your commercials depend entirely on your commercials.

All that network radio can do is provide the audience at small cost.

And that it does incomparably.

**CBS Radio Network.**

You may have wondered by now why we've been singing the praises of network radio as a whole when our name is the CBS Radio Network.

Because what's good for network radio has to be good for the CBS Radio Network.

We're by far the most popular network radio.

Of network radio's top 20 sponsored programs among adults, 17 are on CBS.

We average 56% more adult listeners per commercial program unit than our nearest competitor.

Ten of the top ten ad agencies in the country use the CBS Radio Network.

So if you're going to be advertising on network radio, your first choice isn't really a choice.

## CBS RADIO NETWORK



Sources: SRDS, ARI and RADAR for '80, Ad-Planning App. Other network radio stats, CBS estimates. Audience estimates are subject to qualifications on which CBS will supply on request.



## TRY CASITE Tune-Up



If your car stalls, coughs, sputters — don't shoot, sell it or give in to the expense of a mechanical tune-up without trying Casite Tune-Up first. The problem could simply be a little dirt in the wrong place — easily cleaned by Casite Tune-Up. Casite Tune-Up frees sticky valves and rings, cleans dirty carburetors and PCV valves, dissolves and flushes away gum and varnish deep inside the engine to restore full pep and power, makes your car run smoother and start easier. No risk... Results guaranteed or your money back double!

Buy it at your Service Station



Out-filters them all!  
**HASTINGS**  
 DENSITE FILTER

Heavy duty, depth type—traps dirt either filters miss. The proof is on the dipstick.

**HASTINGS MANUFACTURING CO.**  
 HASTINGS, MICHIGAN 49056  
 PISTON RINGS • FILTERS • CASITE ADDITIVES

### GOLF *continued*

vino blew a seven-stroke lead and \$40,000 to Casper over the final three holes. And then a couple of weeks ago at Colonial in Fort Worth he held a two-stroke lead on the field with five holes to play and looked as if he might break the 72-hole record of one of the tour's oldest and best events. But he came home in two-over in a blur of missed putts while Homero Blancas was chipping in for a birdie and winning.

"I never thought I'd get beat by a Mexican," Lee laughed.

Trevino's wisecracks with the press and his constant chatter with his galleries ("Have another beer, man, if you can hold it") might alone have kept him prominent since his U.S. Open win. One always knows that Lee is in town. But he has obviously displayed a rugged consistency as a competitor or he would not have won so much money. Proof of this consistency is found in another statistic. This one: since the start of 1968 Trevino has managed to finish among the top 10 in no fewer than 34 tournaments, which is more times than anyone except that noted author, Frank Beard.

What is embodied in a record like this is a man's mental toughness as well as his technical ability to hit golf shots. Trevino, with his flat, slap-at-the-ball kind of swing and his gift for monologue, may look and sound casual, loose, out only for the fresh air, but the record insists he is trying very hard on every shot—working, sweating, competing—and that he knows how to play the shots he stands up to. This simply has to be true. And what this means in turn is that week in and week out, as the tour drones endlessly on, Trevino is more often a serious contender for first money than any other player because he's more often in the neighborhood.

For all that Trevino already has done for both himself and golf, and it is no small thing that he has pumped some life into a sport that is often resplendent in its melancholy, he seems to be at his best yet right now. Only he and Casper have been double winners on the 1970 tour, and Trevino is by himself on top of the \$100,000 mark. He has, incidentally, reached that level earlier in the year than any golfer ever. And with the big, big money of the summer yet to come, the lead Flea has a good, happy run at the single-

season money record of \$205,000 that Casper set two years ago.

Trevino's achievements are even more impressive when one considers the famous pace at which he travels—without his own jet. Between tournament rounds he will sometimes fly to Chicago or back home to El Paso to discuss a business deal. He will complete a round and speed across town for a clinic, finish that and speed somewhere else for a dinner. He'll do a speech, a meeting or an exhibition in the morning and then show up at the tournament in time for only three fast warmup shots before teeing off in the afternoon.

But he never complains. Which is another part of Lee's charm. "A lot of guys gripe about the travel and the food and losing their laundry," says Trevino. "Well, no matter how bad the food may be, I've eaten worse. And I couldn't care less about the laundry because I can remember when I only had one shirt."

This quality of appreciation for what he has, without being treacherously about it, is what sets Trevino apart from most of the temperaments that haunt the tour these days. After all, there is nothing in the Constitution that says there has to be a golf tour. Only a few organizations—for instance, the USGA, the PGA, the Western—have a reason for staging an annual championship. All of the other tournaments exist because of charitable individuals or groups, or promotion money from industry, and a few profit-seekers. As an entity it is a \$6 million godsend for a couple of hundred guys who can do something well. Trevino's attitude—because it is so rare—remains the kind that warms the heart of a tournament sponsor.

"I don't complain about anything because I love golf, I love to travel and I love to make people laugh," he says. "And what would I be without the tour?"

A few other touring pros might pause to ask themselves the same question on their way to the bank—or when they're telling one of the oldest events in golf, the Texas Open, either to accept a new date in the fall or get off the circuit. If by asking themselves that question they somehow find the right answer, they might discover one day that the crowds are rooting as hard for them as they are for Lee Trevino.

They might also discover that the tour hasn't suddenly disappeared. **END**



A black and white advertisement for V.A.T. 69 Scotch Whisky. The image features two bottles of whisky and a glass. On the left is a bottle of V.A.T. 69 Black Label, which is dark with white text. On the right is a bottle of V.A.T. 69 Gold Label, which is lighter with gold and black text. In the foreground, a glass filled with whisky and several ice cubes is shown. The background is a solid dark color.

VAT 69 BLACK LABEL  
The Traditional Scotch with  
the Classic Highland Taste.

VAT 69 GOLD LABEL  
The Golden Light Scotch  
with the Golden Light Taste.

## Call your shot.

Since people have different ideas about the way a Scotch should taste, Vat 69—and only Vat 69—offers you a choice. If your taste is for lightness, call for Vat 69 Gold Label. If you prefer the classic taste, call for Vat 69 Black Label.

But whichever way you call it, Black Label or Gold Label, you can be sure it's superb. Because each carries the great Vat 69 name, honored throughout the world for over a hundred years. So call your shot. You can't miss.

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES. 40-45% ALC/VOL. (80-90 PROOF). SOLE DISTRIBUTOR: C. L. WOODWARD, INC., N.Y.

Probably too long ago. And it's a shame. Because sitting down and getting to know each other can be fun... especially if you're sitting on a Raleigh. A Raleigh lets you get away from it all... find out that you and your boy do have a lot in common. Your ideas. Your opinions. And your appreciation of Raleigh quality. Traditional Raleigh craftsmanship, sturdy construction, and smart styling are the hallmark of every Raleigh bicycle - whether it's for a rough-and-tumble youngster or an active adult!

At Raleigh, we build bikes to last. And there's good reason for it. We want you to be able to sit down and talk things over with your son - no matter how old he gets.

## When was the last time you sat down with your son?



RALEIGH INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA, 1158 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS 02134

**This year the new Raleigh Catalog tours New England  
Send 10¢ to Dept. SI-70 for your copy**

### How did this duffer get to be SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR?



Cost includes mirror(s), postage and handling. Allow 1 month for delivery.

Easy. Someone framed him... by slipping his picture into this colorful SI Sportsman of the Year picture frame.

Why not frame your favorite Sportsman? Or let him see himself in a mirror facsimile of the SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR cover. Both frame and mirror are full SI-size with a handsome border of bright orange, yellow and navy.

#### Great for Father's Day!

For your SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Sportsman of the Year picture frame(s) and/or mirror(s) at \$6 each, mail check or money order to:

**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED MIRRORS AND FRAMES**  
P.O. Box 390, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003

## Big victory for an old troublemaker

That horse needs a cage instead of a stall," said David Spector when he still owned a talented jumper named The Deputy. The chestnut gelding's nonovable disposition was one of the reasons Spector sold him. But at the recent Spindletop Charity Horse Show in Beaumont, Texas, The Deputy, still nimble, though older and wiser, and appearing for the Switchwillow Stables, became the open jumper champion; his stablemate, Cricket, was the reserve. Switchwillow's owners went home to Austin with what every horseman dreams of—a clean sweep of all the jumper classes.

"Home" for the horses is 25 acres near an Austin subdivision. "I used to stand around watching my sister ride," said the stable's 22-year-old Phoebe Craig, "and I just knew I could do it, too. So Daddy bought some land and horses. He didn't know he was investing in a zoo. Everything here is a pet." Pets are what most show horses decidedly are not, but The Deputy, who at 10 is known as Old Man, and Cricket wander about like overgrown dogs. It took a while for Cricket to become so docile also. He was once a bucking horse on a rodeo string but not terribly good at it. In fact, he disliked his career so much that he was always jumping out of places to get away. Phoebe agreed to see if he could be trained as a jumper but almost regretted it when she had her first look at him. Even now he is an ugly horse, with a huge jaw and muzzle, and his hide is scarred from spur and rope, but he is no longer skin and bones. For the first few months he perversely refused to jump with anyone on him, but Phoebe kept working away. "He was so supple on the longe, so elastic," she says. "Even now he doesn't look good over a small fence."

To add to the difficulties, Cricket had an intense dislike of being closed in. When he was put in a stall he came out

*continued*

# The clock radio that wakes you like your mother did.

(Every 10 minutes for as long as it takes.)



Our snooze button isn't a button, it's a bar. And like your mother, it never gives up.

When the alarm goes off, press it. Ten minutes later it wakes you up again. Press. Ten minutes later it wakes you up again.

It keeps doing this till you sit up and turn the selector off the "Alarm" position. When you can do that, you're awake.

Sony's 7FC-89W is a nag. But it's got some lovable features.

An illuminated clock. Beautiful sound. FM and AM. In a neat little package. That takes up less than a 5½" square of space. So there's room on your night table for someone else's lovable features.

**The Sony Nag.**





AN ACTION ADVENTURE

# THE DUSTEATERS



This is the deep-dust track at the General Motors Desert Proving Grounds, where AC Oil and Air Filters are put to the test.

Through miles of choking dust, in grueling test after test, AC Oil and Air Filters protected engines from abrasive dust and grit.

You may never drive in dust 18 inches deep . . . but AC Filters can help keep your engine running clean wherever you go. When changed regularly, they virtually eliminate engine wear caused by dust and grit.

Next time, insist on AC Oil and Air Filters. They're original equipment on GM cars and trucks.



MARK OF EXCELLENCE

AC BUILDS MORE PARTS FOR MORE CARS THAN ANYONE ELSE IN THE WORLD. AC Fuel Filter • AC Spark Plug • AC Oil, Air, & Gas Filter • AC Fuel Pump • AC PCV Valve • AC Rad-Hot Caps • AC Oil Caps • AC Car-Wash Wash-Caps

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

the window like a bullet. He kept escaping at night, jumping wire fences and adding more scars to his collection. He once cut his hindquarters badly, but he is so leery of the human race that no one could touch him in that area. He just healed up by himself. Because of his distrust of blacksmiths, he is shod only in front, even when jumping as high as seven feet. "He just likes to jump," Phoebe says. "He jumps in and out of paddocks to visit other horses or out into the subdivision to eat people's lawns. I just yell 'Cricket' and he knows he's wrong and runs home."

Phoebe is a great believer in turning horses out, a custom most trainers avoid for fear of horses getting hurt. In the summer the Switchwillow jumpers stay out all night and in the winter all day. Phoebe attributes Deputy's improved disposition to that freedom, plus some time spent in the East learning dressage.

Phoebe does not ride her jumpers in shows, frankly admitting that she became scared after a few bad falls. By happy chance a rider turned up at Switchwillow—Glenn Johnson, a classmate of her sister, who had ridden Western horses. "One day I had the urge to ride a jumping horse," he said, "so I called Phoebe and went out for lessons." Before long Glenn was riding in novice classes and, as one judge recalls, barely getting around the course. Two years later he was winning championships.

The Switchwillow group was not the only one to score a clean sweep at Beaumont. Trainer Dale Milligan's Bayou Park Stables won almost everything that was left on stake night, and earlier in the day one of his partner's students, Kerry Anne Bunde, won the saddle seat class, qualifying her for the national finals. Kerry Anne has shown three times at Lexington in the under 10 years of age class and won each time. She goes back for her fourth ride this year.

During his busy evening Dale drove Sungray to the roadsters-to-bike championship, took off his colors, put on his jacket and came back on Cherry Bounce to win the three-gated championship tri-color. After another quick change he was back in the five-gated Stake on Gay Aristocrat, a 5-year-old gelding who has been shown lightly. Gay Aristocrat also won, and expert hands predict he will come out of the gate later this year as world champion.

END



## Why pay for your mistakes?

With the Minolta Hi-matic 11, a sensitive automatic electric eye sets everything for you. Even flash settings are automatic.

So you never end up paying for pictures you won't be proud to show. And you'll never be disappointed with over or under exposed pictures again.

If you prefer doing your own thing, try the Hi-matic 11 on semi-automatic. It lets you select shutter speeds up to 1/500th of a second for stop action shots. Get back pictures worth paying for. They're automatically yours with the Minolta Hi-matic 11.

With ultra-fast Rokkor f/1.7 lens, under \$115, plus case.

For details see your dealer or write: Minolta Corp., 200 Park Avenue South, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. In Canada, Anglophoto Ltd., Montreal 376.



MINOLTA HI-MATIC 11

Its extra-tight, rubber-wound liquid center has turned the Sweetshot SS Plus into a vicious, long-off-the-tee, distance-eating beast. Use with care.

# So vicious, it comes in a cage



**Sweetshot**  
ALIAS THE  
**Animal**

*Since his retirement from basketball last summer, Bill Russell has lectured at more than 60 colleges and universities around the country, considered and turned down a number of offers to return to basketball as coach and executive and reflected on the values of sport, generally and his own career specifically. Here are the fruits of that reflection*



PHOTOGRAPH BY WIL SHANORE



# Success Is A Journey

by WILLIAM F. RUSSELL

I should epitomize the American Dream, for I came, against long odds, from the farthest back to the very top of my profession. I came from the Depression, from an oppressed minority—first in rural poverty and then from a city's ghetto. I had to persevere to succeed, to climb out of the life that society had programmed for me. I was not immediately good at basketball. It did not come easy.

In the end, though, I attained not only great success and recognition for the highest achievement, but acclaim for being an innovator, a creator, as well. It is hard to believe now, but before I came along there were virtually no blocked shots in the game of basketball. In that primeval world, as late as my sophomore year in college, my coach was telling me that my defensive style was "fundamentally unsound." So, in effect, not only did I dominate my game in the years that I was playing it, but I changed

*continued*

it altogether for all time as well.

I can be objective, and, so far as I can tell, I have lived up to all that society demands. I have achieved the absolute in my field. I have been a good winner. I am affluent. I am concerned for my fellow man and have spoken out. I am articulate, make a good appearance and am relatively honest. So, one time not long ago, I was informed that a large, prestigious company had considered me for a commercial in which I would endorse their product. But I was turned down because I did not fit their "image of what an athlete should be."

So much for the American Dream. It is, in fact, no more than a sugarcoated fantasy that sport has fundamentally improved or advanced any faster than the other components of society in the last two decades. I suspect because we elevate sport to a position of sanctity (witness the hysterical reaction to Curt Flood's suit against the reserve clause) that the falsehood is piously maintained that sport is out there in the forefront in the march of human rights. *Sport brings a city together.* You know that; you hear it all the time. A public hanging would achieve the same end. *Sport reflects American life.* Yes, it does. The fans bring their prejudices right along with them.

Indeed, the belief that sport is so progressive probably manages to cause a great deal of harm by perpetuating corollary myths. How harsh it must be for some young athlete to trust that he will be judged only on his abilities and then find out that that ideal is administered by a coach who will bench a boy because his hair is too long or because his politics are too dovish or because it is long-standing policy to start two at home, three on the road and five when you get behind. Progress should be viewed from two standards—not just how far we have gone, but how far we still must go.

How much has it all changed? Well, when I first got involved in the big-time sports world 20 years ago, most energy was being expended in finding good police colored boys who would play the game, take abuse with a smile and a shuffle and thus be . . . a credit to their race. Now all the energy is spent in searching for white hopes (of any character) who can play, and thus be . . . a credit to their race.

The progress, or the lack of it, seems

to be about the same in college and the pros. This is not especially surprising since there is a misplaced emphasis on money at every level. In this regard, the colleges have a much better gimmick than the pros, because none of the hired hands stay around long enough to cost big salaries. Why, I guess even the best kids don't make much more than \$20,000 a year even in the top-paying institutions of higher learning these days.

Since profit is clearly the primary function of college athletics, I am always befuddled as to why anyone bothers to make such a big thing out of eligibility anymore. In the same way we make such an issue out of school busing when we ought to concern ourselves with the quality of education. Is there any value, really, in forcing a young man like Spencer Haywood to go through the motions of four years of college—when he seems to have neither the need nor interest in it—just so he can donate his college eligibility to some lucky athletic department?

It is a cliché, but it is still the truth, that too many coaches view their prospective athletes as performers and not as people. No coach should ask a boy to join his team unless he also would ask him to come into his house. No college should grant an athletic scholarship unless it can also offer the guarantee that that young man will graduate. Yes, guarantee. If it takes 10 years and 10 tutors, that kid will graduate. If this assurance cannot be made, then the college obviously is insincere in asking the boy to represent it on the athletic field.

Unfortunately, too many coaches cannot be reached through their shell of smugness. They feel that the colleges are surely bulwarks of salvation and that they themselves are great benefactors, simply because they invite some kid to come and play ball for a while. Especially where the coaches still deal in black stereotypes, they remain convinced that they are saving young men from a life of sweeping floors or jail.

Unfortunately, too, this mentality appears to extend far beyond the athletic department nowadays, to the classrooms and the dean's office. Education seems to be incidental to the main purpose of college—building students into spare parts for industry. The difference is slight between the halfback who gets drafted by the NFL and the engineer who advances to some conglomerate where he

can develop new polluting devices. You graduate (or anyway, you use up your eligibility) and you are asked: O.K., what can you do? Never: What kind of person are you?

I worry about these young people in college now. Anyway, I wonder about them. I have never enjoyed anything quite so much as the opportunity I have had this past year to visit college campuses and talk with the students. They're obviously interested, more concerned and alert than my generation. Only sometimes I feel that it is just another game they're playing. Instead of sitting around and drinking, like my contemporaries, they're sitting around and taking drugs. Either way, it's a cop-out.

Whatever my doubts about some collegians, however, it is certainly apparent that what advances have come about in sport are on account of pressures by college athletes. Usually, too, the agitation has been led by the black kids. In a real sense, the black athlete is helping to emancipate his white teammate, and I don't believe the whites have appreciated this.

As for the pros, it is a general rule that as we get older and richer we also get more conservative. Professional athletes fit this mold. They are not only conservative, they are usually insecure as well. I think that most of them play in the first place because they need the attention. They are not given to taking risks, and I found out in coaching that you get the best results by threatening pros. Find out what a man is afraid of, and you can make him act. I often wonder how men like Bernie Casey, the artist, and Tom Meschery, the poet (and also probably the most progressive thinker among white athletes), ever manage to survive a whole season with such an insensitive group as a team of pros. They must love their sport very much.

There are, of course, a tremendous amount of misconceptions about athletes and athletics. The fans are so devoted to clichés that it is easy for them to be misled, particularly by a sporting press that has a genius for distortion. Writers are always concentrating on abstract concepts, like emotion or momentum or tradition, which are hard enough to comprehend even when you are intimately involved. The matter of courage, for instance, is always being discussed in romantic detail, when 99% of the time it is not the moral quality of courage which

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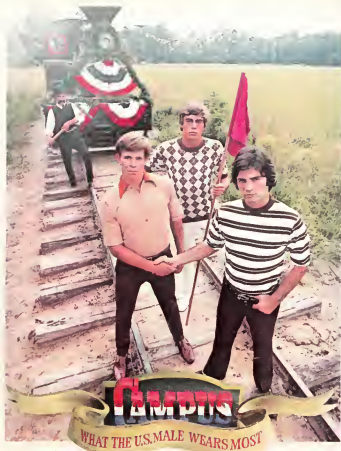


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is at issue. Instead, it is only the physical fact of tolerance to pain. There is no player or man that I can speak higher of than Elgin Baylor, but it is absolutely wrong to suggest that Elgin exhibited any special courage when he came back to play after his knee operation. Elgin is a ballplayer. When he could take it again, he came back to play ball. It is like a businessman going back to work after he recovers from a nervous breakdown. He goes back because that is his job. Courage has nothing to do with it.

There is a similar confusion with the subject of character as it relates to the outcome of a game. It is so simplistic to be assured that those who play the best are the best—the guys in white hats and all that—but the truth of the matter is that there is no equation between character and victory. I never felt that the Lakers or any other team we beat tried any less hard than we did. Don't let anyone tell you that the Dallas Cowboys choke. The Cowboys don't lose the big ones; the Cowboys just lose to teams that are better than they are. Listen, the best team always wins. Always, every time. It seems to me that is why they keep score.

Unfortunately, society says that winning is everything; but I would be foolish to believe that. After all, while we put such emphasis on winning, there are far more losers than there are winners. When we lost to the 76ers in 1967, my only emotional response was disappointment. What else could there be? We had played as well as we could and had lost through no fault of our own, only because the 76ers could—and did—exceed our abilities.

It was the only time in the '60s that the Celtics did lose, but I still do not believe that I was the most dominant athlete of the decade. That honor can only belong to Muhammad Ali. In fact, of all the athletes I have known, he is the one I would most prefer to have my sons look up to. So many people claim belief in something, but Ali has supported his faith at great financial loss to himself. We foolishly lionize athletes and make them heroes because they can hit a ball or catch one. It is a sad comment of the times. The only athletes we should bother with attaching any particular importance to are those like Ali, whom we can admire for themselves and not for their incidental athletic abilities.

There is a certain irony in that the most influential sports figure active today is Joe Namath, because he is no more than the end product of Muhammad Ali from 10 years ago. The situation is analogous to music, where the white musicians borrowed the black style and went on to make all the money. Unfortunately, the one thing Namath did not take from Ali is the most important facet of the man—conviction.

So far as I can see, while Namath is celebrated for being outspoken by an adoring press, he stands for nothing except having a good time. On the only occasion when Namath was forced to stand on his beliefs, he left them for the easy way out. Despite crying principle, after he was confronted by the commissioner he dropped the principle when it became expedient to do so. Then he was like a little boy taking a spanking he knew he deserved. Of course, fans like that. The Greeks made many of their gods vulnerable so they could be destroyed, and I believe, in the same way, that sports fans like their heroes best when they have feet of clay. (On a personal level, incidentally, I like Namath.)

Are sports any different from the rest of our world? This is a society that can destroy Muhammad Ali for his convictions but that praises Joe Namath for possessing none. This is a society whose laws protect property more than they do people, whose police—corrupt and on the take—preach law and order and seldom speak of justice. No, it is no surprise that Namath rather than Ali is the idol of our time.

Of course, most athletes are convinced that it is always best to follow the policy of being seen and not heard. I can remember a few years ago when I had some controversial things to say in a *Saturday Evening Post* article. I spent that whole season—all the heat went off me—with very few friends in the league, including the Celtics. The players felt that it was risky to associate with me, at least until next season's contracts were signed.

In that same year, 1964, a few of us did almost obtain enough support to pull off what would have been an unprecedented strike of All-Stars. Bob Cousy had gone to his retirement the season before after more than a decade of trying to get the owners merely to let him in the room with them to discuss a player's association. Now Tommy Hein-

sohn had assumed Cousy's role, and since he was finding no more success, we decided to strike before the All-Star game in Boston.

Remember now, we were the All-Stars, the best in the world. We had nothing to be afraid of. Nobody was going to ban us or run us out of basketball. If you wanted to see character and courage, you could see it here. I remember Elgin and Jerry West particularly, because their owner was the only one who actually came to the door and started knocking on it and yelling inside at his players. Elgin and Jerry held firm and joined with seven others of us to call off the game, but the vote went 11-9 to play. You should have seen the fear on many of the faces in that room. One guy, who is still in the league, was shaking so when it came his turn to vote that he had to take his hands and sit on them. He voted to play.

The prime argument used to persuade us to play that game was that of loyalty. It is a familiar entreaty, and is regularly taken out and waved like the flag in both college and professional sports. Be loyal to your alma mater or to the organization. Unfortunately, loyalty in sports remains a one way street. Athletes are asked, as pros, to be loyal to a team whose owner has joined with others in a pell-mell expansion scheme that has no purpose but to make the owners money, and is so utterly lacking in foresight that no one has yet created a program to supply good referees for eight teams, much less 18. Athletes are asked to be loyal to owners who look upon players as no more than a tax dodge, to be loyal to a team that will trade us tomorrow if it suits it, to be loyal to a team that took us by forced draft, to be loyal to fans who will withdraw their support the instant things go wrong. These truths do not change in sports.

On top of all that, loyalty is further complicated by the crosscurrents of race. A perfect example: several years ago, in Lexington, Ky., we were going to play an exhibition game against the St. Louis Hawks that would honor former Kentuckians Frank Ramsey—the best forward I ever played with, by the way—and Cliff Hagan. That afternoon before the game, a few of the black Celtics were denied service in the motel coffee shop. Naturally, we were on the next plane out of the friendly Bluegrass Country. The point of the story is not a re-

continued

elation of discrimination in Kentucky. The point is in the reaction, the majority opinion of which was summed up by Bob Burnes, the St. Louis sports editor, who wrote an article castigating the black players for leaving. He said we owed it to Ramsey and Hagan to remain. Nowhere did I read or did I hear that perhaps the Celtics and Hawks owed us something; that perhaps even our white teammates did.

Instead of preaching loyalty, I think it surely must be time for clubs to make moves that will genuinely foster player loyalty. Certainly, the reserve clause must go—or at least serious accommodations must be made. The right to draft or trade a player without his approval is another outdated concept. But beyond these rather major modifications of the structure, there are many simple things that clubs could do to improve the whole atmosphere. Profit sharing, stock options and the other benefits of ordinary business—which is all pro sport is—could be an easy start. Every player should be provided with legal counsel and an accountant. Every player should be helped in finding an off-season job in the team's city, even if it means—especially if it means—that the team would have to subsidize part of the player's off-season salary. In the long run, the team would make it back. The best PR men and ticket sellers a team has are its players, and keeping them around, in touch with you, while they learn a career is hardly a waste of money.

In a somewhat similar vein, incidentally, I think that NBA teams should award college scholarships to high school basketball players who like the game but who are not proficient enough to compete on a college level. To earn the scholarship the boy would agree to devote a certain amount of his time to studying and practicing refereeing. By the time he graduated, he would be a well-trained referee, properly indebted to the NBA. There would be plenty of good officials competing for jobs every season.

What is so upsetting about the sports Establishment is that it so seldom initiates any action. Everything is done only as a last resort, a response. I suppose it is only a matter of time before players are unionized. I happen to be all for that development, but it really is unnecessary, if owners could ever bring themselves to help their players. The funny thing is that, really, the only assets

there are in basketball are players. You would think that the owners, allegedly all smart businessmen, would assess that situation very quickly and realize how sensible—never mind moral—it would be to protect and make friends with the only assets they have.

Of course, while I say all these things about sports, and much of what I say is critical, it is important to understand that I love games. I was one professional athlete who even enjoyed watching baseball. We must all strive to keep sports in perspective, though. I will not introduce the subject around my children. If they bring it up, fine, or if they want to play catch or shoot baskets, I am delighted. Nothing, however, is more sickening to me than those fathers who force their kids to play a sport.

It is the same sort of people who are incapable of seeing what is really important about sports. They can only turn games into little holy wars and enjoy them as emotional therapy—which is, anyway, better than having them on the streets. My own view is that athletics is an art form. As a fan, I watch in the same way that I imagine an art connoisseur studies a painting. The beauty of the sport is in the high caliber of achievement; the personalities of the players mean nothing to me. On the court, on the field, every player's personality should be subjugated and serve only to make the team distinctive.

What I enjoy most of all is, simply, seeing a man who is proficient perform. Athlete, actor, musician, painter. I would really enjoy the opportunity of observing the president of a large company in action for a day or two. I know that would fascinate me, because the same principle is involved—studying a man with great fundamental skills and knowledge while he performs his specialty.

I am sure that in any pursuit, especially athletics, confidence and satisfaction must come from within. If it does not, if you must find your satisfaction from without, usually from publicity and acclaim, then you can be hurt badly by losing—even if you did your best. Losing, you know, has no more to do with measuring character than does winning.

One reason that I was able to be a great player was that nobody knew how important that fact was to me. No one has ever been sure what I valued, and where I was really vulnerable. This made me especially effective against Wilt

Chamberlain. I confused him. On the other hand, Wilt has really been the victim of an informal conspiracy. It is unfortunate, because he turned out to be better than even he thought; he could do pretty much what he wanted. But Wilt got tricked; he fell for the statistics game the way most fans and writers do. They emphasized points, so Wilt went out and got points. More than anyone. Then they said rebounds, so he went out and got the most rebounds. He was doing everything the statistics conspiracy told him to do, but he was still an also-ran. So, wait a minute, it must be assists. Wilt went right out and got the most assists for a center.

Now, in his mind, he had done everything required of a player, because he had led in all the categories that they had told him about. And he still could not win. It's sad, because it's too late now, because I'm gone, but perhaps at last Wilt is catching on about what the game is really all about. I heard him after his first meeting with Alcindor this year, and he kept emphasizing to the interviewer that it wasn't important how they fared man-to-man. The score was key team vs. team. Well, that sounded familiar. Suddenly I knew how George Wallace must have felt when Spuro Agnew began stealing all his good stuff.

I could never let myself be influenced by the press, for I concluded early that most reporters do not do their homework and are blinded by meaningless statistics. I don't think you can be a good sportswriter if you take the subject matter too seriously.

There is still a communications gap between the writers and the athletes—especially the black athletes—and the press can be terribly insensitive. I can remember one particularly painful episode as far back as 1958, when Red Auerbach made Bennie Swain his first draft choice. A Boston paper then wrote, matter-of-factly, that since this made four Celtic Negroes, one of us already on the team—K.C., Sam Jones or myself—would obviously have to go. Apparently, I was not supposed to have any reaction to this report.

The newspapers always assumed—and after they assumed it long enough, began to believe it—that I did not like Cousy. I suspect this was because the writers figured that since they stumbled all over me on the way past my locker to interview Cousy, I must be jealous

of him. The truth of the matter is that I always admired Cousy, and of all the men I played with, I respected him the most.

Misconceptions of this sort are liable to occur so long as there are only token blacks in the communications industry, so long as the black athlete is denied having one of his own as a friend at court. It is important, you know. Sports is all one business now, and the game can no longer be isolated from what surrounds it. The press, TV, companies that use athletes for endorsements—they are all as much a part of modern big-time sports as the league office itself.

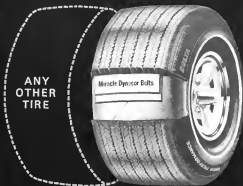
I am sure that I received different treatment because there are no blacks in the decision-making processes of the sports apparatus. What few endorsement offers I received were all cheap. One time a large ad agency from New York called and suggested I do an ad "for prestige." I replied "If I needed prestige, you wouldn't have called me in the first place." I can't think of all the times I was asked to appear on a radio or TV show. No pay, of course. I was there to help jack up the ratings, attract new sponsors and help everybody else get more money. Of course, neither I nor any other black athlete was eligible to have such a show.

The press itself probably plays the largest role in creating white hopes, a practice which seems to be growing rather than diminishing. It appears that the point has been reached now where white hopes are even created after the fact. Arnold Palmer, for instance, was voted Athlete of the Decade by the Associated Press, and there seems to be absolutely no justification for that choice except along racial lines. (Of course, I did feel better after the Mets were voted the Team of the Decade by ABC-TV viewers over the Celtics—and the Packers—for that choice is so absolutely ludicrous that it makes all the others invalid, too.)

White hope springs eternal, though. Pete Maravich is, of course, the latest paper star. They are determined to force him down our throats as they have so many white players before him. One of the reasons that Jerry West has the respect of every player in the NBA is that he had to earn his stripes. He came up, relatively unheralded, like the rest of us. Billy Cunningham is another one that way. He made his reputation. But, good God, remember Bill Bradley? He was ordained as the greatest player in his

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tory even before he ever played in the pros. Of course, it's true that he never asked for any of that adulation.

The NBA has apparently purged itself of the quota system. The day in 1965 that Red started five blacks—and we went on to win the title—that was the end of the quota system. As despicable as it was, however, I must say that the quota system won a title for the Celtics. In the 1963-64 season Cincinnati had a better team than we did. The Royals could have beaten us, but in my opinion they virtually gave Bob Boozer away to get down to their black quota, and that gave us a championship in the bargain.

Basketball is clearly the most progressive sport now. Blacks have even reached a point in basketball where we have achieved the right to failure. That's very important, you know. It is just as important as the right to succeed. When John McLendon was fired as the coach of the Denver Rockets this winter, there was no fuss made about anybody picking on a black man, or anybody saying a black man couldn't coach. He got the ax, just like any coach, because the team was going bad. Now that is progress.

It is also isolated. Baseball front offices are whiter than anything but press boxes, and football has really looked out for itself. It has never needed a quota system. Football has a much better gimmick. It is called a quarterback. As long as quarterback can be a segregated position, football is protected. It can be assured of having one white star every game, who can get all the endorsements and win all the sports cars. At the same time, the all-white quarterbacks perpetuate the racist theme that no black man is smart enough to call signals.

I can remember watching a game on TV a couple years ago, and I was moved to say something like: "Man, that Unitas is great." One of the black guys I was watching the game with said: "Who knows?" A little bit stunned by that, I asked him what he meant, and he replied that he really could not evaluate Unitas or any other quarterback fairly since they had never faced a full range of competition. A Paul Hornung, Mickey Mantle, Jerry West—you cannot deny their greatness, because they have stood the test of time in a free market, so to speak. But no one can pretend to know how good our best white quarterbacks would be if the NFL permitted the de-

velopment of black quarterbacks to compete with them.

What makes a quarterback so very important is that he is consistently visible. Everyone else only comes and goes in the crunch. I don't think, for example, that the appeal of its violence has helped make football so popular. I think where it has the edge on basketball and where it has captured more public imagination is in the dead period between plays. At this point, the plays can be run over again and everybody can point out how smart the football players are. In basketball, you don't have time to talk about how smart the players are.

I do think that basketball is the most graceful of all our major sports. It is not nearly so rough as it was when I came into the pros. The jump shot opened it up, made it more fluid. Today, I think it is close to an art form, with greater potential for growth than any other of the more popular games, because it is more appealing to women.

Actually, in any sport, I've never met a great athlete who was dumb. It is no coincidence that the two greatest guards in the game, Oscar Robertson and West, are also the two smartest. But I'll tell you—and this will surprise you—neither of them had more physical ability than Sam Jones did. Sam was a better shooter than anyone, and he didn't need the ball to work. He shook me up the first time that I saw him, in one motion, take a pass and go up—and while he was shooting he was also rotating the ball to find the seams. That shook me. I couldn't believe a man could do that.

Sam never had a bad clutch game. I wish they kept records on that. And he always had a surprise. Of course, he is not alone in that, for all of the truly great players are like icebergs.

The only trouble was that Sam never wanted the responsibility that would have gone with being as good as he was. It was almost as if Sam programmed his career so that he would improve (perceptibly) only gradually, season by season, and never get to a point where people might demand too much of him. Look at his career statistics. It is as if someone drew a perfect bell curve based on his season averages. John Havlicek would be an example of the opposite. If he ever stopped to think what he was doing, he would realize that no one could do what he did without getting tired.

Of course, part of the beauty of the

Celtics was that we were all so different. The only way all our peculiar, strong personalities could be coordinated into one great team was to constantly work toward the one single goal. There was no magic to it, although in any sport, you must have some one or some thing to pull it all together. It can be a coach, owner, an athletic director, a school spirit. But you need a special energy if you are to win. As far as the so-called Celtic tradition was concerned, however, what I saw and experienced and what outsiders perceived were two entirely different concepts. I viewed it strictly in the technical sense. It was the other people who made up all the hocus pocus. Of course, if anyone could be convinced that he would be a winner just because he put on a Celtic uniform, I was certainly never going to contradict him. I didn't believe it for a minute, but it was wonderful propaganda.

We were also good propaganda for the game of basketball—although our effect on the city of Boston was negligible. As a team, we proved that you did not have to be close-knit to find success on the court. Several players I really never knew. Bailey Howell, for instance, I played alongside him for my last three years, and about all I can say of Bailey personally is that he certainly seemed to be a very nice man. Other men I played with, I really did not like at all. As a coach, I always believed that you should never say anything bad about your players in public, but one drove me to the very limits of that resolve. Some players I could not comprehend. Still others, like Cousy, I admired. If I had to select one Celtic from all those I played with who was the epitome of being a Celtic, it would be Don Nelson. He is a man's man who made the most of his ability with his tenacity and his mind, and that is what the game is all about. The point is that winning has nothing to do with liking your teammates. You only have to respect each other as players.

As a matter of fact, I truly believe that teammates cannot be friends. It would be too much of a strain. The most that teammates can be is what I call "strong acquaintances." I don't think that a man should try to take on the obligation of having five friends at any one time in his life. It is too much of a responsibility if you wish to really fulfill the role of being a true friend. It

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is so complex to be a friend, because you must be yourself, and yet you must consider your friend and act not to offend him either.

Our whole lives, it seems, we are only deciding how often and to whom we should expose ourselves. We learn to make a shell for ourselves when we are young and then spend the rest of our lives hoping for someone to reach inside that shell and touch us. Just touch us—anything more than that would be too much for us to bear. No, you can not make a friend of a teammate. That is too complicated a trick to try and pull off.

Naturally, the fact that I became a coach served as another filter to relationships with the other players. Basketball is a very touchy team game to coach, because it is devilishly structured now in such a way that while it is still played with five men at a time, there are only enough shots available to keep four men happy. Just not quite enough to go around. The Knicks worked well this year because the fifth man—the guy who didn't get his—usually turned out to be a different fellow every game. That is one way of getting around what is, really, a very fundamental problem of the modern game. With the Celtics, over the years, usually there was one unofficially designated man who did not get the shots—Luscutoff first, then K.C. or Sanders. For my last few seasons—especially after I took over the coaching—I didn't get that many, either. In fact, the way we beat the Knicks in the playoffs last year was for me to turn the tables on them and start shooting—as much as three or four more times than I had in the regular season. Then Willis Reed had to concentrate more on me for a change, and this upset their defensive scheme.

I did my best coaching in that series, although I think overall I was a pretty good coach. I take no pride, however, in the historical happenstance that I was the first major league black coach. That may sound surprising, and I do hope that someday I will be able to be proud of that distinction. It can only mean something to me, however, if many black men follow behind me and become managers and coaches, in football and baseball, as well as in basketball, in college as well as in the pros. Just as Al is the athlete of the '60s, Jackie Robinson is clearly the most significant sporting fig-

ure of our whole generation—or of anybody's generation since the war. But Jackie (and I'm sure he would agree) is not distinguished by the fact that he was the first black major-leaguer. He is distinguished by the fact that he was the first of many, that he made it possible for all who followed. When that happens in the coaching ranks, then I will be proud of having been the first.

With regard to being first, incidentally, I have learned to be suspicious of blacks who make such a point about having succeeded as the first or only black in some endeavor. Usually, sadly, this means that they have traded their blackness for the opportunity. The ultimate of this sort I encountered once on a plane. He was a major in the U.S. Marine Corps, and he boasted of being the only black in his college, in his OCS class, the only black in his area killing Commies, the only black in some new assignment he was heading for and so on, until he had become the first and only black white racist that I have ever met.

I have always felt safe in my blackness. I wore a beard for years, long before it was stylish or before it signified anything special. I am black, but I do not feel it incumbent on me to prove it by subscribing to any philosophy which requires that I cut myself off from all but my own race. I find that trend regrettable. People who restrict themselves to one race—who say they won't associate with blacks or whites, whatever the case—are only limiting themselves as humans. When you arbitrarily refuse to associate with another race, you are the loser, for you are going to miss out on a lot of beautiful, interesting people. But the shame is that that is happening now, and efforts must be made to reverse the situation. Whites must understand—if things don't begin to move, if nothing is done—that there is a kid growing up right now in Watts or in Chicago or somewhere, and he is going to make Eldridge Cleaver look like something out of a nursery rhyme.

It seems to me that the immediate and easiest thing that we can do is to provide a genuine equal enforcement of the law. Everything begins to break down from that point. I see the inequality every day in the sudden concern with the harshness of the drug laws. Nobody was worried about how strict they were when it was just a bunch of black ghetto kids, like some of the guys I grew up with in

Oakland, who were getting sent to jail. The only difference is that we called it weed. Now, in keeping with its suburban image, I see that it has become grass. When it really hits the upper classes, it will have to become flower.

I go visit black neighborhoods like the one I grew up in, and I see the kids there, and I suddenly feel very powerless, because I don't know what to tell them. I would like to say, hey, you can make it, just like I did. Just follow my example. But of course, I can't say that, because very few of us grow up to be 6' 9½" athletes. Given the best of conditions, how many of these kids could go to the top of their field? So, all I do say is: "Do the best you can."

I gave a speech up in San Luis Obispo recently, and afterwards a woman came up to me and asked me to talk with some boys she had brought over from a nearby reformatory. This was a tough situation. I know boys like this. I grew up with them. I know the kind of speeches they hear all the time. The lady said: "Encourage them. Say something nice to them about being good citizens." But I told those kids I wasn't going to stand up before them and give them the same crap that they heard every other time. Finally I said: "Just do your best. And good luck." And then I shook hands with all of them because I did want them to know that I cared enough about them to touch them.

I don't know yet what lies ahead for me, immediately or in the more distant future. I'm pretty sure I won't be back in basketball in any capacity. Movies and television are more real possibilities. I'm not a spokesman. I'm not running for any political office. I am happy. I've never been so relaxed in my life. I have the time to read more and think more and enjoy the world more.

I am reminded of an acquaintance of mine who quit recently as the president of a large company. All sorts of new offers were made to help him change his mind, but he turned them all down. "Success is a journey with me," he said, "not a destination."

I like that sentiment. I have borrowed it for myself, because I think it is so apt for me. I am not chasing stars ahead of me, and I am not looking back at the Bill Russell that played basketball, either. I value that time, and I traveled on it to here, but this is as far as I want it to carry me.

END

# Jerry Koosman and American Red Ball, two moving pros, compare follow throughs.



**Jerry Koosman**, star pitcher for the New York Mets and a National League All Star

"There's more than one follow through in pitching. The one I'm talking about is a part of a pitcher's education. The more I know about a batter the better chance I've got. That's why I keep a book on all the batters in the league.

A catcher's signals are an important part of my pitching plan. He should know as much about the batters as I do. No batter can be fooled all the time by random pitches, so we work together using one pitch to make another effective.

The follow through really begins after the game. I always study the record of each pitch I threw that day and look at game films to see how I can improve my pitching. This homework sure helps me on the mound, and I think it gives the whole team confidence."

**Dean Pendleton**, Dean's Moving & Delivery, Inc., Springfield, Ohio, a star American Red Ball agent

"Our follow through is called Red Carpet Service and it begins the moment you contact an American Red Ball agent. He visits your home, answers questions and provides books on how to prepare for the move.

Our important signals come from our dispatcher. While your shipment is on the highway the dispatcher is in constant contact with the driver. Working together, they always know where a shipment is and when it will arrive.

Even after you've settled in your new home, our customer service department will contact you to make sure there's nothing we've overlooked. That's the way our follow through works. Jerry... it's part of a moving technique that pays off for us and gives our customers confidence."

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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

**BOATING**—Harry Long's ODENSE took advantage of a late triangle race to win the 1984-85 Crystal Cup's 25th annual race around Chalk Island—with most of the 173 starters still struggling in the harbor—long after Odense had finished. Odense won (freedom as first to finish, first in Class A and last on corrected time).

**BOWLING**—BOBBY COOPER, of Houston won the men's championship of the National All-Star Tournament in Northbrook, Ill., averaging 236 pins for 48 games for a total of 34 wins. **MARY BAKER** of Central Islip, N.Y. took the ladies title with an average of 210 and 23 wins in 36 games.

**BOLLEGE BASEBALL**—MINNESOTA was anointed "strong" for 10 championships, finishing in season 14-5 Ohio State had led with 13, two games with Michigan State having been canceled due to campus riots, but lost a doubleheader and the title when the games were made up late week.

**GOLF**—Playing in a steady drizzle, DAVID HILL won his third \$100,000 Danny Thomas Memphis Open in four years, finishing with a 72-hole total of 207—13 under par and lowest total on the amateur this year. Honorary Bachelor, winner of the Colonial National two weeks ago, and for second, won the circle back, won the National Club Championship, and South African Harold Gunningham in a stunning final round 63, eight under par, soon to be a hole in one on the 181-yard 13th hole, but still finished eight strokes behind the winner.

**GYMNASIA**—CAMPIONI made a five-foot bunker jump on the final hole to win the \$200,000 Bluegrass Invitational in Louisville, finishing with a one-under-par 214, one stroke ahead of Mary Mills. Miss Mills sank a 20-foot putt for an eagle 3 on the 18th hole to take second.

**HARRIER RACING**—Mcneaney Sab's B.Y.E. BYE (5'11 1/2) best of the late charge of Temporal Yankee to take the \$90,000 Kentucky Derby at Rosemead by 1 1/4 lengths. Stanley Dancer drove the winner in 2:07 1/2 for the 1 1/4 miles. Gauri Tara finished third as odd-on favorite Lucerne Hunter never failed to fourth.

The 3-year-old pacers made their first major appearance with Louis Bouchard and Max Bouchard's TRULUCE (32:40), the 1983 2-year-old champion and early favorite for the Little Brown Bell, placing the first two-minute mile of the year in 1:08 1/2—lengths won over Don Baker in the \$16,250 Arizona Downs Stakes at The Meadows. COLUMBIA GIORGIO (31:20) beat out the clocking in the \$25,000 American National Stakes at Sportsman's Park, Belmont Park bringing her home in 1:29 1/2, one length ahead of Sandy Sea.

**FILKIN ELOIN**, owned by Regula and Shanda Stearns, repeated her 1983 victory in the \$46,000 Elm Tree in Stockholm, Sweden's fastest track. She was driven by Hans Froenking to a neck victory over Canadian-owned French Yankee in 2:01 1/2, for the mile.

**HORSE RACING**—Verma Lok Farms' top-weighted YODOLIVE (53:60) outdistered Riverwin in the \$100,000 Kentucky Derby at Keeneland. Yodolive, a head at Belmont, Angel Lyons rode the winner home in 1:40 1/2, a track record, with Shawa coming in take third, three lengths back.

**OFFICE QUEEN** \$144,600 streaked in a three-center-hurdle victory over Cathy Baker in the \$116,625 Mather Goose Stakes at Belmont, the second leg of the Sily Truitt Crown. Carlos Marquez kept the Stephen Calder entry on the lead most of the way, finishing the 1 1/4 miles in 1:49 1/2. Miss Belle was third, two lengths back.

Miss Ethel D. Jacobs' Pinkness won PERSONALITY (54:40) galloped in his six weeks in the \$124,000 Jersey Derby at Garden State, leading out of the gate by 1 1/4 lengths at the end of the 1 1/4 miles. Liddle led home took home in 1:41 1/2. Sandy Screen was third, 2 1/2 lengths back (page 63).

Finely, at Newmarket, England, hatch-born taken up in the Matthew Dawson Stakes for 3-year-olds over a mile and six furlongs. Lucerne was the favorite at 3-2 when the race began two hours before the start of the 1984-85 season in the U.S. But the winner—just eight lengths—turned out to be an INDIANAPOLIS, at 1984 odds.

**HORSE SHOWS**—Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ruffin's DREAM LOVER, 8, 1980 world champion Georgian mare, won the championship for the 8th year in a row at Devon (Pa.), the country's largest out-

door horse show. Mr. and Mrs. J. Markley Freed's BEST CHANCE swept the second-year green world hunter division taking every class. Sheryl Fox's TILL SPILLER took the intermediate jumper stake and title under Olympian Frank Chapin.

WILLIAM STEINKRAUS, captain of the U.S. Equestrian Team, and SNOWBOUND captured their first international event since the Olympic was started while winning the individual gold medal in the 1984 Mexico Olympics, taking a Class A silver medal in Bernese, Switzerland.

**KARLIE**—PAT WORLEY, 21, of East Wirth, won the title at the fourth annual National Championships in Washington, as Caldwell Joe Lewis, winner of the tournament for the last four years, was voted in the second round. Worley defeated Byron Jones of Akron in the finals.

**LACROSSE**—After trailing by four goals late in the third quarter, NAVY rallied to edge Army 8-7 at West Point, earning itself a share in the national collegiate championship with Johns Hopkins and Virginia.

**MAJOR SPORTS**—AL UNSER recorded only to victory in the Indianapolis 500, averaging 155.749 mph and leading for all but 10 of the 200 laps (page 33).

JANNU MIKKOLA, of Finland and GUNNAR PALM of Sweden took title places, breaking one hour and 18 minutes ahead of Jim Coulter and Johnnie Seaton in the 1984-85 1000-mile race to Mexico City World Cup auto rally. The race started April 19, the drivers covered 22,000 miles and three continents and only 26 of the 98 starters officially finished.

**TRACK & FIELD**—Steady RANDY MATSON unfolded the second-best showup of his career—and in history—to win the event at the Kentucky Games in Berkeley, Calif. His 7:17.47 was 1/100th of a second faster than the 1983 winner, 7:17.57. The 1983 winner, 7:17.57, was 1/100th of a second faster than the 1982 winner, 7:17.67. The 1982 winner, 7:17.67, was 1/100th of a second faster than the 1981 winner, 7:17.77. The 1981 winner, 7:17.77, was 1/100th of a second faster than the 1980 winner, 7:17.87. The 1980 winner, 7:17.87, was 1/100th of a second faster than the 1979 winner, 7:17.97. The 1979 winner, 7:17.97, was 1/100th of a second faster than the 1978 winner, 7:18.07. The 1978 winner, 7:18.07, was 1/100th of a second faster than the 1977 winner, 7:18.17. The 1977 winner, 7:18.17, was 1/100th of a second faster than the 1976 winner, 7:18.27. The 1976 winner, 7:18.27, was 1/100th of a second faster than the 1975 winner, 7:18.37. 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# The Lazy Pipe Tobacco

19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

## THE READERS TAKE OVER

### HAMMER

Sirs:

I would like to thank a great magazine for a great article about a great baseball player, Henry Aaron (*Henry Raps One for History*, May 25). All knowledgeable baseball fans are aware of Aaron's excellent records, but now the Hammer is opening the eyes of the not-so-knowledgeable. It is true that Hank is baseball's most underpublicized superstar, so it is surely appreciated when due recognition is given to such a fine athlete.

CHRISTOPHER QUINN

Augusta, Ga.

Sirs:

Aaron has made a believer out of me. I believe that someday he'll lead the all-time home-run list numerically as well as alphabetically.

BRUCE MARTIN

Potsdam, N.Y.

Sirs:

The story of Henry Aaron's 3,000th hit was one of the best ever published in SI. But an even better grade must be given for that issue's cover design. What could be more appropriate than placing Hammerin' Hank in the center with eight of the world's greatest ballplayers surrounding him? In 20 years it will most certainly be a collector's item. And you can bet that I'm putting my own copy in the vault.

BOB PARCHAKA

East Dubuque, Ill.

Sirs:

You picture Aaron as the ninth man to join the exclusive 3,000th-hit club. Actually he is the eighth. According to at least one authoritative baseball encyclopedia, Cap Anson had only 2,995 hits.

BENJAMIN STEINMAN

West Nyack, N.Y.

● Cap Anson's records are still under review. Of his 3,516 lifetime hits 437 came during Anson's National Association days (1871-75), and these do not count. However, the legitimacy of the number of other hits by Anson, including some that may have been awarded to him by a friendly official scorer, is being questioned. At the moment Cap is credited with 3,081 major league hits. A final answer on whether that record will stand must await the findings of a committee impelled by the commissioner to evaluate all statistics.—ED.

### FRINGE BENEFIT

Sirs:

Thank you for printing Frank Beard's superb account of the pro tour (*How Can a Pro Miss 18-inch Putts?* May 18 or say I am constantly amazed at the fortitude of these talented "fringe" players who persevere under the sometimes chaotic situations and pressures of each new tournament. Since Mr. Beard appears affluent and skilled to us duffers, his personal report of the difficulties he has encountered is enlightening. I hope that Frank and his colleagues hang in there—not to aggravate their ulcers, but to provide an opportunity for us to continue to observe their handcraft.

STU MAYERS

Orange, Conn.

Sirs:

I took particular notice of Frank Beard's complaint about the press (*LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER*, May 18): "When Palmer wins a tournament, the headline says PALMER WINS, and when I win a tournament, the headline says PALMER LOSES." Then you went and did it yourselves. For the cover (June 1) illustrating the third article of the series you ran photographs of Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus. No Frank Beard.

I can hear Beard now: "When Frank composes, Arnie poses."

JOSEPH SILVIO

Durham, N.C.

### DISPIRT

Sirs:

I object to your disparaging remarks in the item "Blew It Again" (*SCORECARD*, May 25) concerning Denver as the IOC's choice for the 1976 Winter Olympics. Denver had the best presentation and is the best prepared for the Winter Games, as evidenced by the fact that it was chosen overwhelmingly. Vancouver wasn't even second.

SCOTT S. WERKING

Greenwood Springs, Colo.

Sirs:

Yes, the International Olympic Committee sure blew it by not awarding the 1976 Summer Olympics to Los Angeles, the city with all of the facilities except air fit for the athletes to breathe.

IVAN P. COLUMB

Pasadena, Calif.

### VENGEANCE VICTORIOUS

Sirs:

After reading the article on the race between Marty Liquori and Kiyochige Kono (*Reverse Can Be Served*, May 25) I felt pleased

continued

Most records are doomed to be broken sooner or later, even Ruth's 714 home runs, DuMag's 56-game hitting streak and Bob Beamon's soaring broadjump through the rarefied Mexican air. One record that seems more than likely to outlive all the rest, however, belongs to a car that completed the 500 miles at Indianapolis without a single pit stop.

The record books for 1931 confirm this feat, which was accomplished first and foremost because the car was powered by a diesel engine—the first oil-burner ever at the old brickyard. Clessie Cummins, the man who owned and built it, had a kind of fixation on diesels. He had no thought of winning at Indy. When he entered his big white monster in the 500 he knew that the gas burners were faster than his No. 8, but Cummins wanted to capture the attention of the public, to make the nation aware that the oil-burning diesel engine belonged in automobiles.

Clessie's dream was to see this first Indy diesel do something that no one believed possible. "I don't claim to have the fastest car in the race," Clessie told reporters, "but I do have the sturdiest, most reliable engine. And we'll prove it by making the distance without stopping."

Diesel engines were not uncommon at that period. Cummins had been making them for a long time—for yachts. In the 1920s he operated a small factory in Columbus, Ind., but the Wall Street crash in 1929 wiped away his market, so in a desperate attempt to save his business he bought a secondhand Packard for \$600 and tried his hand at diesel-powering an auto. He drove the car from Indiana to the 1930 Automobile Show in New York, completing the 800-mile trip at a fuel cost of \$1.38. Despite its economy, however, the oil-burning engine was still considered too heavy and slow for automotive use.

Two months later Cummins took his car to Daytona Beach, Fla., and set a world speed record for diesel-powered vehicles of 80.398 mph. He returned to his factory and placed another diesel in a Model A Duesenberg. The new car boosted the speed record still higher to

## 500 Miles Without a Pit Stop

**The first oil burner at Indy wasn't supposed to win, and it didn't. But it set a unique record for endurance** by SANDY TREADWELL

100.75 mph in 1931, and Clessie Cummins began to think about entering a diesel at Indy.

The car was fast enough—minimum qualifying speed was just 70 mph—but there were several obstacles to its entry in the race. For one thing, official regulations specified gasoline-powered cars only; for another, the size of the engine and weight of the Cummins' car exceeded the maximum standards. Cummins went to Eddie Rickenbacker, a close and influential friend, who convinced the powers to accept his diesel as a special engineering entry.

There were other difficulties. Dave Evans, the driver Cummins hired, had never seen a diesel engine before he arrived at the Columbus factory three months before race day. But the 28-year-old Texan had plenty of experience in other cars and figured he could cut it in this one. After working as a Hollywood stuntman in some of the *Hell's Angels*-type movies of the period he bought a Duesenberg for \$14,000 and raced it at Indy for the first time in 1927. Evans had never won at the Speedway, but he was an excellent driver who also possessed great stamina. In short, he was just the man to drive around the track nonstop.

Cummins selected Thane Houser as the car's riding mechanic. Houser had ridden with many of the finest drivers in the U.S.

First at the factory and later at the track itself, Evans and Houser overhauled the steering, adjusted the springs and placed double shock absorbers on the wheels. They made the cockpit as comfortable as possible and installed a special clutch and brake pedal to keep Evans from having to shift his feet.

To get himself in shape for the ordeal, Evans "had off booze and women and ate good and took a lot of exercise," according to his own evidence.

He took to the road on foot in daily workouts to get his legs in shape and strengthened his hands by playing a lot of golf.

A few days before the race Jimmy Doolittle, another legendary figure of American aviation, called Cummins to say that he was excited by the car and to ask to become a member of the pit crew. Jimmy was given the job of signalman—he was to communicate with Houser during the race by means of coded words on a blackboard. On the morning of the race the signalman and the riding mechanic worked out the code, and Doolittle placed it behind the belt of his jacket for safekeeping.

Cummins had been criticized by some for disclosing his plan to run nonstop in advance of the race. Almost everyone believed the result could only be disappointment. But as Cummins wrote later, "I knew that the standard fuel tank allowed for the Indianapolis cars held sufficient fuel to take us the distance, and it didn't seem unreasonable to me that we could make it."

The day of the race wasn't the sort of officials at the brickyard dream about Storm clouds swept over the 2½-mile track, and thousands of racing fans looked for shelter from the rain. It wasn't until two hours past starting time that the clouds finally disappeared and Rickenbacker, who also served as the Speedway's general manager and race director, took the megaphone to order: "Gentlemen, start your engines." Photographers moved away from the cars, and the top drivers of 1931—Billy Arnold, Louis Schneider, Tony Gullotta, Wild Bill Cummings, Fred Frame and 35 others—climbed into their cockpits. Cummins' diesel started along with the rest. Perhaps because the track was still dangerously slippery from the rain, driver Evans, after giving his wallet and watch

*continued*

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so Cummins, said, "Whatever you do, don't let them crucify me."

The race got under way with no running smoothly. The pit crew relaxed as they watched Evans and Houser sail by again and again without difficulty. As the race wore on, cars began to drop out. After the first 100 miles Houser began signaling to his pit crew. Cummins asked Doolittle what the signals meant. "I don't know, Cless," he said. "I can't find my code list." Doolittle rummaged through his pockets, and the rest of the pit crew began to search for the code. Every time the car passed the pit Houser signaled again, but the code couldn't be found and the pit crew, with question marks on their brows, held up oil cans, fuel containers and tires. Houser just shook his head in mounting frustration and drove on.

Cummins, Doolittle and the rest of his crew saw that the car's engine continued to run perfectly. They eventually decided that Houser's waving was probably only a joke the mechanic was playing on them. So the crew put down the tires and other equipment and, instead held up soft-drink bottles and blew kisses at the car as it passed by.

Near the finish of the race the lead car, driven by Billy Arnold, the defending champion, lost a wheel, collided with another and caught fire. Louis Schneider's Miller got the checkered flag and a few minutes later No. 8 was 13th across the finish line.

Newspapermen rushed to the strange white whale and its driver. "You'd have thought I'd have come out of the sky," Evans said. "They were amazed. Cummings was speechless for a long time after the race. That nonstop dream of his was true. The diesel engine was made that day."

Only then did Jimmy Doolittle locate the last of coded signals he had slipped behind the belt of his uniform jacket. Studying it, he realized that what Evans and Houser had been trying to tell him was that a water-temperature gauge had been jarred loose and that they had no way to check the engine. Fearing they might overheat, they wanted a pit stop to make repairs.

Twelve years later, after Doolittle led the first U.S. bombing raid over Tokyo, Cummins sent him a wire. It read, "Mighty glad you didn't forget where you had put your charts." **END**



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hours behind the wheel of her car.  
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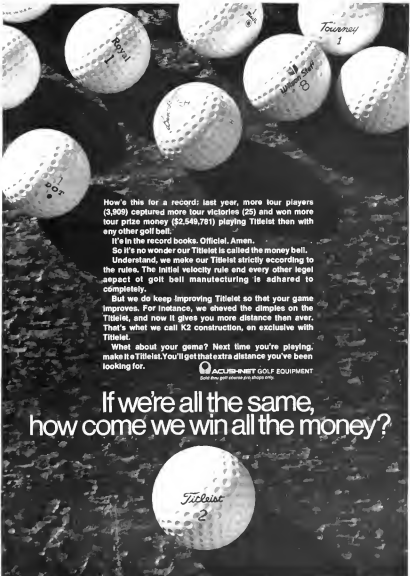
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## 10TH HOLE continued

that the true spirit of competition still exists, yet appalled that this same spirit can be warped into a driving preoccupation with winning. It seems to me that Keno's attitude toward racing is the ideal for any sort of amateur contest; to him it is important only that he performs well. Liguori, on the other hand, seems to have traded in the eternal thrill of competition for the transient one of winning. With such an attitude revenge can be sour indeed.

MARSHALL M. FEASTER III

Beverly, N.C.

Sirs:

Marty Liguori's arrogance prompts me to agree with him when he says, "It's too early to think I've conquered everything."

JACK THORPE

Tucson

Sirs:

Marty Liguori could benefit by taking a few pointers from The Man in track and field, Jim Ryan. Jim never berated or belittled any opponent, regardless of his performance. If Liguori is still near the top five years from now, then he will have earned an opportunity to toast his horn. Until then he should concentrate on his competition, which just might include Ryan next year.

DONALD J. RYEL

Wichita, Kans.

## IN FLIGHT

Sirs:

My compliments on the exceptionally fine job Rose Mary Mechem and Jerry Kirschenbaum did on pleasure flying (*Swift Wings to Bright Horizons*, May 25). I can't begin to tell you how refreshing it is to read a story on general aviation that is not only well written and beautifully illustrated, but completely accurate and unbiased. All general aviation should be in your debt today.

JACK ELLIOTT

Warren Township, N.J.

Sirs:

I can't recall a time when a general circulation magazine has done a better job of explaining the whys and wherefores of do-it-yourself flying.

JERRY KYLE

Cessna Aircraft Company

Wichita, Kans.

## PLAYING WITH PERCENTAGES

Sirs:

Your recent criticism of the NFL playoff system (*SCORECARD*, May 18) is well founded. The manner in which the NFL figures its league standings is just as stupid. When they eliminate tie games in figuring percentages, they have to substitute an incorrect figure for the number of "games played," and when you start with a wrong

continued

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Sears and I didn't want anyone to have to suffer through it. So we did something about it.

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Every piece of equipment that carries this check mark undergoes the same kind of rigorous testing. The check mark tells you that equipment is Sears finest.

Look over this new Continental-style tent tomorrow at the Sears Sports Center in a Sears, Roebuck and Co. store. Or the Catalog. You'll camp dry—whatever the weather. You've got my word on it."

**Sears**  
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where the new ideas are

### 18TH HOLE continued

number you have to come up with a wrong answer.

The following table shows some possible results as figured according to the NFL system and according to a true percentage using the actual number of games played and by awarding each team half a game for a tie.

Team	W	L	T	NFL pct.	True pct.
1	13	0	1	1.000	.964
2	1	0	13	1.000	.516
3	0	0	14	.000	.500
4	0	14	0	.000	.000

Under the present setup team No. 2 could win one game and the championship, while team No. 3 could have an undefeated season and wind up in the cellar. Extreme examples and improbable, but "What can happen will happen."

JAMES L. HOLMES

Amoria, Conn.

### IN NAME ONLY

Sirs:

Our committee has been campaigning to restore the name and insignia of the American Football League, and the response from fans across the country indicates that AFL fans do not want the AFL name to be absorbed by the NFL. We are proposing that professional football be one legal entity, known as Pro Football, and composed of two 13-team components, to be known as the National Football League and the American Football League. This arrangement would in no way fail to satisfy U.S. Public Law 89-800, which permitted the merger. No mention is made in that law of the name of the ultimate merged league.

Our committee is not attempting to subvert the merger or eliminate any of the benefits of the merger—the Super Bowl, the common draft, the combined players' associations and so on. We are simply attempting to keep 10 years of AFL tradition alive.

From a practical viewpoint, we believe the owners of pro football's 26 teams will suffer at the turnstiles in the long run because of the almost certain diminution of interest in pro football. They have virtually guaranteed this diminution of interest by destroying perhaps the greatest sports rivalry of all time—the AFL vs. the NFL. That rivalry can never again be as intense if all 26 teams fly the NFL banner.

I ask your readers to write to Lamar Hunt, c/o Pro Football Commissioner's Office, 410 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, urging him to support an amendment to this effect.

ANGELO F. CONSIGLIO  
AFL Identity Committee

Amherst, N.Y.

Address editorial mail to TIM & LARRY Bldg.,  
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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